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## PREFACE TO VOL. IX.

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IN the present volume will be found considerable diversity of papers relating to places widely distant from each other, and to subjects remotely connected. Some of them, referring to remains in Brittany, Cornwall, France, Germany, and England, have been published by the Association with the express view of promoting the study of comparative archæology, on which the true advancement of a knowledge of Welsh antiquities is so much dependent; and they will be found to be the most valuable contributions which the Association has received during the past year.

Two highly interesting memoirs on subjects connected with early mining and manufacturing processes in Wales and Monmouthshire also enrich the pages of this volume.

The thanks of the Association are due to the Presi-

dent and Committee of the Archæological Institute for leave to reprint the learned paper of Dr. Guest on the Conquest of the Severn Valley, and for the use of the excellent map with which it is illustrated.



# Archaeologia Cambrensis.

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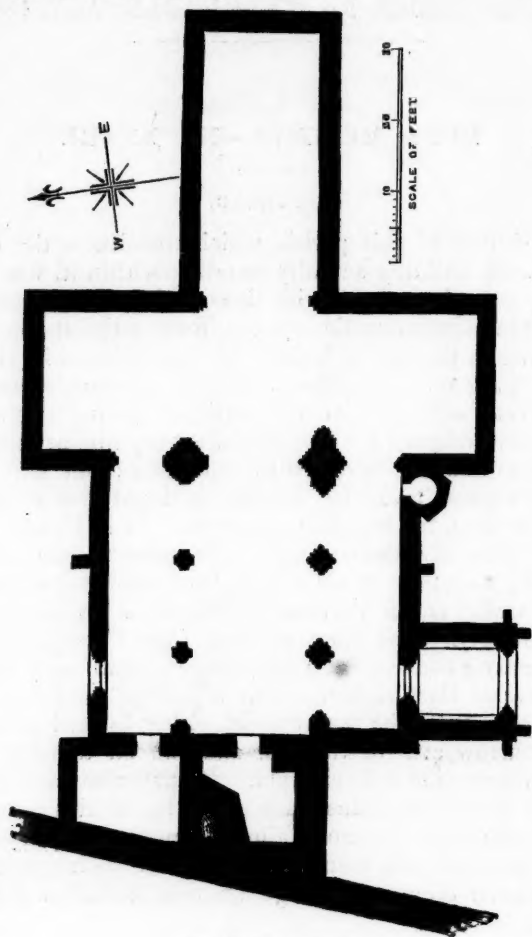
MONA MEDIÆVA.—No. XXVIII.

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## HOLYHEAD.

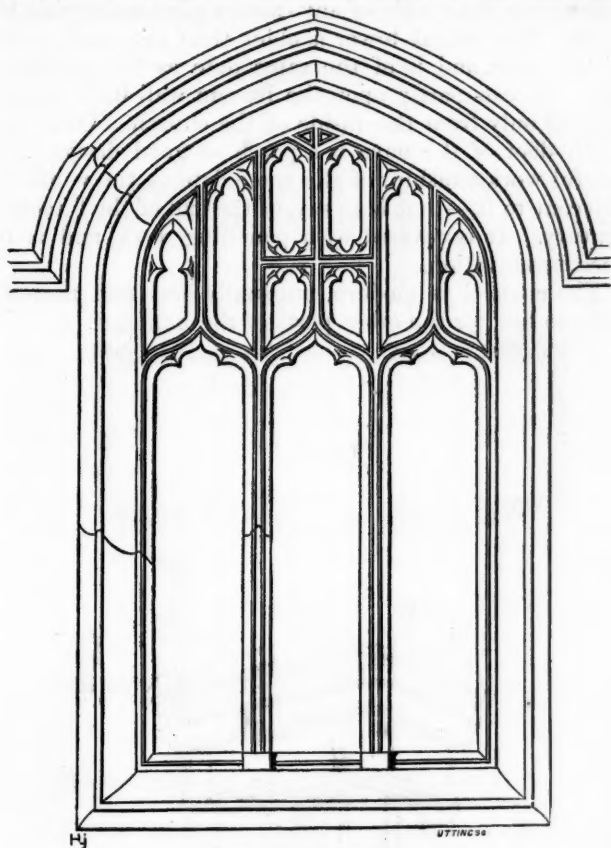
THE church of this parish, which constitutes the only mediæval building actually standing within it, was formerly collegiate; and, with those of Llanfaes, Penmon, and Llanddwyn, made up the four religious houses existing in the isle of Mona. It is peculiar in its situation, being erected within a portion of what seems to have been a Roman fortified station. Round two sides of the churchyard the Roman walls, very similar in their work to those of SEGONTIUM, still stand; but part has been washed away by the sea, and part removed, in former days, for building purposes. It is highly probable that the Romans had a *trajectus* to Ierne from hence; and that, at all events, they knew the value of the locality as an harbour of refuge, and protected it accordingly. The lines of road from CONOVIUM and SEGONTIUM converge at a spot where a small camp stood, still called *Caer Helen*, a little to the east of Four-Mile Bridge. Here the road crossed, either by ford or ferry, the narrow arm of the sea, and ran on to what was afterwards called *Caer Gybi*. It may also be conjectured that the Romans made use of the British camp on the summit of the mountain for exploratory purposes; but no positively distinctive traces of their operation have been observed, though on this mountain British

remains are abundant. Whatever may have been the fate of this Roman station, it is certain that the spot was a chosen one for the piratical rovers who infested the north-western seas; and that it was made a stronghold of the Irish when they landed to devastate, or to possess, Mona. One of their leaders, Seirigl, is stated to have lost his life here.



Plan. Holyhead Church.

The church, as it now stands, consists of a nave with aisles, transepts, chancel, and tower at the west end of the nave. Judging from the plan and the dimensions of the piers, it would seem that a central tower was to have been erected at the intersection of the nave and

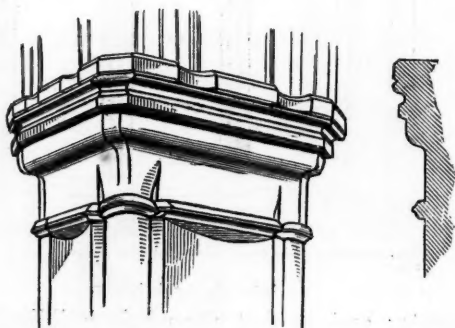


Holyhead. S. aisle, interior.

transepts; and, in fact, the whole building must have been in process of enlargement and alteration just before the tide of the Reformation swept over the land, and

the property of the collegiate chapter was taken away. Two large piers remain, the dimensions of which shew that they were intended to bear great weight; and they would have formed, in fact, the two western points of support for a superincumbent tower. There are no traces now observable of any eastern piers answering to them. The actual tower is older than the south aisle of the nave, and is of the same date as the northern one. It rests partly upon the Roman wall itself, and is entered only from the inside of the church. Over the south door of the nave is a porch of good design and careful workmanship, of the same date as the windows adjacent to it,—that is to say, of the end of the fifteenth century. It is covered with panelling work, and is in good preservation.

The chancel is modern, unusually long and narrow, and too low for the other parts of the building.



Pier. S. aisle.

The whole of the interior is greatly blocked up and

spoiled by high pews and galleries; but if these were replaced by suitable benches, and if the pulpit, etc., were properly treated, the whole would be much improved.

Over the north transept, on the outside, is seen on a stone the legend, SANCTE KYBI ORA PRO NOBIS.

At the south-west angle of the churchyard stood, in former days, the Chapel of St. Cybi,—or, as some say, of St. Seirigl; but the latter statement is probably erroneous. It has been replaced by a modern, featureless building.

On the western side of the mountain, at the head of a steep and dangerous gully leading down to the sea, may still be seen the foundations of a building called Capel Clochwydd. This was one of several small edifices which existed in various parts of the parish, and which served as places of pilgrimage, like the small chapels round St. David's in Pembrokeshire. The stones of this edifice, as well as those of some adjacent ancient British remains, have been long since removed by the ignorant inhabitants for building purposes. They little thought, at the time, that they were destroying a source of income by obliterating objects of national antiquity, which would have brought many a tourist and many a shilling on to the sides of the desolate mountain of Holyhead.

The following particulars concerning Holyhead are from Dugdale's *Monasticon* (edit. Cayley, vi, 1475):

"College of Holy Head, or Caer Guby, in Anglesey. St. Kebius," says Tanner, "who flourished about A.D. 380, founded a small monastery here,<sup>1</sup> and in after times,<sup>2</sup> there was founded

<sup>1</sup> Capgrave in Vitâ S. Kebii. Cressy's *Church History*, p. 149; Fuller's *Church History*, Cent. IV, p. 26, etc.

<sup>2</sup> "This college," says Tanner "(as the friendly J. Jones, of Galtvaynan, M.D., informs me), is said to have been founded by Hwfa ap Cynddelin, Lord of Llys Llivon in Anglesey, and one of the fifteen tribes; who lived in the time of Griffith ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, and Owen his son, or the former part of the twelfth century. It was certainly in being before A.D. 1291, because rated in the *Lincoln Taxation*."

in the Royal free chapel,<sup>1</sup> in the castle of this place, a College of Prebendaries,<sup>2</sup> whose yearly revenues were valued, 26th Hen. VIII, at £24.<sup>3</sup> This college was granted, 7 Jac. 1, to Francis Morrice and Francis Philips."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The provostship was disposed of by the king, as Registr. Institutionum Norvic., vol. i, fol. 85. Newcourt's *Repertorium*, vol. i, p. 453.

<sup>2</sup> Leland, *De Scriptor. Brit.*, p. 65.

<sup>3</sup> Tanner says, in the *Lincoln Tazation*, "Præpositura in ecclesia de castro Kybii archidiacon. Anglesey," is rated at 39 marks alone; and there is then mention of three portionists only; the first of which had xi marks per annum, and the other two xi marks between them. Willis, *Bangor*, p. 201. But the number of prebendaries seems to have been greater at the Dissolution, though the revenues were valued lower; for, A.D. 1553, twelve persons belonging to this college enjoyed pensions, as Willis, *Mitred Abbies*, vol. vii, p. 303.

<sup>4</sup> Tanner says, "The great tithes of Holy Head belong to Jesus College, Oxford, by the gift of Rice Gwynne, Esq., A.D. 1648. N.B. The penclese (*sic*) or president of the Collegiate Church at Holy Head, was one of the three spiritual lords of Anglesey, his tenure being baron or knight's service." Tanner adds, relating to this college, "*Vide* in Bibl. Harl. MS. 696, fol. 152. Nomina canonicorum et patronorum eccl. collegiatæ de castro Kibii secundum librum Will. ap Griffith de Penmenyth: Nomina canonicorum et patronorum prebendariorum secundum librum Hugonis Alcoke decani de Bangor. MS. Harl., 862, fol. 114. Instrumenta diversa ad ecclesiam collegiatam S. Kibii pertinentia."

H. L. J.

## INFLUENCE OF MEDIEVAL UPON WELSH LITERATURE.

### THE STORY OF THE CORT MANTEL.

ALL who are well acquainted with the general literature of Western Europe during the middle ages, know how necessary that general knowledge is to enable us to judge correctly the literature of any one of its separate states or peoples. This is the case, to some degree, at all periods ; but it is felt more especially after the tenth century. The establishment of feudalism had formed a centre of the new society which arose from it ; and that centre was France, which remained through the medieval period the head and grand exemplar of the feudal system. France, from this moment, began to be the model of social fashions to the peoples of the West : she lent them her language, and with that she communicated to them her literature, and that literature soon began to exercise a very great influence over the literature of every country which came within its limits. Thus, in England, the older literature of the Anglo-Saxons was altogether either superseded, or greatly modified, by what we denominate Anglo-Norman—the literature of northern France, so named from the dialect in which it was written. This same French, or, if we like to keep the term, Anglo-Norman, literature had equally a powerful influence over that of the Celtic race, whether in Wales, in Scotland, or in Ireland ; and it is extremely important that that influence should be investigated with more care, and with more knowledge of both sides of the question, than have hitherto been bestowed upon it. The cause of its influence is easily understood. Feudalism had great attractions to peoples who still lived in a state of clanship ; and, once established, it drew constantly from its centre. The literature of the feudal minstrel, which addressed itself directly to feudal

feelings in every form, and was at the same time most frequently anonymous, and existed only orally, was carried incessantly from the centre to its most distant dependencies, and easily took root among people who soon began to look upon feudalism as a condition coeval with their own race. Its stories and legends, therefore, as well as its principles, were soon adopted as native by peoples to whom they were really foreign; and their true character can only be detected by a very large and deep study of the subject. This may be investigated, at least most popularly, by tracing particular branches of literature, or even particular sentiments or legends, from one country to another; and I venture on this occasion to take as an example one of these legends, which is in many respects curious and interesting, although it is, perhaps, in some respects, not quite the best which might have been chosen.

The morality of the middle ages was not of a very elevated character, and the frequent failings of the weaker sex appear in the popular literature rather as a subject of jocularly than of reprehension. It was in this spirit that people sought expedients for detecting female frailty, several of which are commemorated in medieval stories; and tests for this purpose are sometimes introduced even into the old manuscripts of domestic receipts. One of these tests best known in romance was an enchanted mantle, which, when placed on a lady who had sinned, drew up or contracted her dress so as to expose her person. The first shape in which we find this story in the existing literature, is a short French poem of the thirteenth century, of which the following is a brief outline.

Once King Arthur called his knights to hold a splendid feast at Pentecost, and he ordered each to bring with him his lady, whether wife or mistress. It was a crowded assembly, and many a bold knight and fair dame or damsel was present. Now it was Arthur's custom on these occasions never to sit down to table until news of some adventure arrived; and this time,



while the queen entertained all the ladies in her chambers, the king and his knights waited in the hall, long after the hour of dinner, until they all became impatient. Suddenly, to their relief, a "vallet" was seen approaching on horseback, who dismounted in haste, entered the hall, and courteously saluted the company. Arthur returned the salutation, and inquired his business. The "vallet" stated that a maiden had sent him from a distant country to present to King Arthur a mantle, which is afterwards stated to have been made by a fairy, and which possessed the property of discovering the falseness of the lady who wore it; for if she were not chaste, it would become instantly too long or too short. He drew the mantle from his *aumosniere* (the bag suspended to his girdle), and obtained from the king a promise that the queen and the other ladies present at court should immediately be put to the test; and the mantle was to be the prize of the first lady who underwent the trial without mishap, or, in other words, whom it should fit. The queen stepped forward, eager to gain the prize; but she had no sooner tried it on than it rumpled up, and put her to so great shame, that she rushed blushing from the hall to hide herself in her chamber. King Arthur, as may be supposed, was not well pleased; but he determined to continue the experiment, and one lady after another made the trial, and failed no less than the queen, amid the laughter and jeering of all the worthy knights who were spectators, though each winced a little when it became the turn of his own *chère amie*. The scornful knight, Sir Kay, exulted more than any over the shame of the other ladies, yet his own wife was exposed most disgracefully of all. At length it came to the gentle lady of Sir Caradoc, and she, though far less eager for the trial than her companions, carried off the prize triumphantly, to the great exultation of her husband, and to the admiration of the whole court,—or, at least, with the exception only of the ladies.

We next meet with the story in what was intended

for a grave chronicle of historical events, intituled the *Scalachronica*; but, as it was compiled by a knight, Sir Thomas Gray of Heton in Northumberland, he has introduced in it stories of chivalrous romance instead of legends and miracles of saints, which were more suitable to the taste of the monkish chroniclers. This chronicle was compiled in the French then spoken in our island, and in the fourteenth century, and it contains a brief notice which gives us a rather curious account of the subsequent history of the famous mantle. The author has recorded how, at one of King Arthur's feasts of Pentecost, "the same night was sent into the court, by a beautiful damsel, the mantle of Karodès (Caradoc), which had such virtue that it would not fit properly her who would not let be known to her husband her act and thought; out of which there arose great laughter, for there was not a single woman in the court which the mantle would fit, because it was either too short, or too long, or too tight, beyond measure, except only the wife of Karodès; for which purpose, as was said, it was sent to the court by the father of the said Karodès, who was said to be an enchanter, to prove the goodness of his son's wife, who was one of the most virtuous of the court. Of the same mantle was made a chasuble afterwards, as is said, which is still preserved at the present day at Glastonbury."<sup>1</sup>

We learn from this that there were different versions of the story of the mantle, and that it was popular in

<sup>1</sup> "Meisme le nuyt estoit envoyé en la court od un damoysele jolyve le mauntil Karodès, qe out tiel vertu qe il ne voroit estre de droit mesure à nul femme que [ne] vouloit lesser savoir à soun marry soun fet et pensé, de quoi en out grant risé, qar y n'y out femme nulle en la court à qui le mauntil estoit de mesure, ou q'il estoit trop court, ou trop long, ou trop estroit, outre mesure, fors soulement à l'espous Karodès, pur quoi, com fust dit, estoit envoyé à la court de par le pier le dit Karodès, qe fust dit un enchanteour, de prover la bounté la femme soun fitz, qe un dez plus mouer (?) estoit de la court. De meisme le mauntil fust fet un chesible puscedy, com est dit, qe unqor est à jour de huy à Glastenbery."—*Scalachronica*, MS. Corp. Chr. Camb., No. 133. The part subsequent to the Conquest was printed in a quarto volume by the Maitland Club. My extract is taken from the part which remains still inedited.

England as early as the fourteenth century. In the early French literature the mantle was known as the *cort mantel*, or short mantle, which is the title of the poem in the early manuscripts, and is a correct description of its quality; for it usually shrank, instead of stretching out, when worn by a sinner. But this name was subsequently changed for one which was by no means so correctly descriptive of it, that of the *mantel maltaillé*, or the ill-shaped mantle; under which title a paraphrase in prose of the poem was published in the sixteenth century.<sup>1</sup> This version, the language modernized, was given to the public again in a well known collection of stories by a popular French writer of the last century.<sup>2</sup> In England, too, the story evidently remained popular, and it probably formed the subject of an English poem or ballad in the fifteenth century. This, in the century following, had assumed the usual form of the old English ballad; and two texts of it in this form were published by Bishop Percy in his well known *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.<sup>3</sup> This English ballad evidently represents the French poem of the thirteenth century, or perhaps rather a French poem of the same period which gave the story with some slight variations in detail.

It is not only clear that different versions of the story of the mantle existed, but in some of them the mantle was exchanged for other tests. Thus, in one, the "vallet" brings to King Arthur a horn (in some versions of this story a cup), out of which no man whose wife was not true could drink without spilling a part of the contents; and on the trial Cradoc (Caradoc) alone succeeded in proving his lady's innocence, and became the possessor

<sup>1</sup> This French version in prose was printed at Lyons, by Didier, in the latter half of the sixteenth century (Didier printed in 1577); and it was reprinted in a popular form, without date or name of place or printer, but apparently about the beginning of the last century.

<sup>2</sup> *Recueil de ces Messieurs,—Les Manteaux*; by the Comte de Caylus. It is reprinted by Legrand d'Aussi, *Fabliaux ou Contes*, tom. i, p. 126, ed. 1829.

<sup>3</sup> Percy, *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, edition of 1823, vol. iii, p. 263, and vol. iv, p. 240.

of the wonderful horn. This story existed in medieval literature at a rather early date, for it is introduced into the romances of Tristan and Perceval, and it enters into an old English ballad<sup>1</sup> (probably of the fourteenth century) in which King Arthur, and not Cradoc, is the possessor of the wonderful horn. In another story, again, it was a boar's head which was placed on Arthur's table, and which no one whose wife had been untrue could carve; and again Cradoc's knife was the only one which could cut it, and he accordingly obtained the boar's head as his reward. In the romance of *Perceforest* a rose is introduced, which, if smelt by a lady, immediately betrays her. The earlier of the two English ballads introduces, at one festival, all the three first mentioned of these tests, and gives them all to Craddocke and his lady:

"Craddocke wan the horne,  
And the bores head;  
His ladie wan the mantle  
Unto her meede.  
Everye such a lovely ladye,  
God send her well to speede!"

Let us now turn to the literature of the other race which shared in the population of our islands. As far as I can learn, the story of the mantle is not at present known to exist in Welsh, but the Welsh bards were certainly well acquainted with it. The hero Caradoc Vreichvras, or Caradoc the brawny-armed, and his wife

<sup>1</sup> "Kyng Arthour had a bugylle horne,  
That evermour stod hym beforene,  
Wer so that ever he zede.

\* \* \*

Iff any cokwold drynke of it,  
Spylle he schuld withouten lette;  
Therefore thei wer not glade.  
Gret dispyte thei had therby,  
Because it dyde them vilony,  
And made them oft tymes sade."

This curious ballad was first published in Hartshorne's *Ancient Metrical Tales*, 1829, p. 209; but a more correct text was given in a little book published at Vienna in 1839, by Th. G. von Karajan, under the title of a *Frühlingsgabe für freunde älterer Literatur*.

Tegan Eurvron, or Tegan the golden-breasted, are personages well known to Welsh legend. One of the Welsh *Triads* tells us that the "three virtuous damsels of the isle of Britain" were "Trywyl, daughter of Llyn-gessawl the generous-handed; Gwenfroun, daughter of Tudwal Tudelud; and Tegan Eurvron, who was one of the three beautiful dames of Arthur's court." And another *Triad* enumerates as "the three beautiful dames of Arthur's court,—Dyfir, the golden-haired; Enid, the daughter of Earl Yniwl; and Tegan Eurvround"; while a third *Triad* names them as "the three splendid ladies of Arthur's court: Dyfyr, the golden-haired; Enid, the daughter of Earl Iniwl; and Tegen Eurfron." Tegan's mantle is enumerated among the thirteen rarities of the isle of Britain.<sup>1</sup> A more complete account of this lady and her attributes is given in Williams's *Dictionary of Eminent Welshmen*,—"Tegan Eurvron, the daughter of Nudd Hoel, and the wife of Caradoc Vreichvras, is celebrated in the ancient Welsh records for her chastity." [He here refers to the preceding *Triads*, and continues:] "In another *Triad* she is thus mentioned; 'There are three things of which no one knows their colour—the feathers of the peacock's tail when expanded, the mantle of Tegan Eurvron, and the miser's pence.' Her mantle formed one of the thirteen royal curiosities of the isle of Britain; for no one could wear it who had dishonoured marriage, nor a young damsel who had been guilty of incontinence, but it would cover a chaste woman to the ground. The bards of the middle ages make frequent allusions to the mantle of Tegan Eurvronn, as well as to her golden goblet and her knife. The story of her mantle is copied from the Welsh by the English minstrels in the old English ballad of *The Boy and the Mantle*, as well as that of the knife and cup."<sup>2</sup> Percy was also informed by the Rev. Evan

<sup>1</sup> The list of these thirteen rarities is given in Jones's *Relics of the Welsh Bards*, vol. ii, p. 47. The Welsh *Triads* are, as is well known, printed in the *Myvyrian Archaeology*.

<sup>2</sup> The knife, of course, was that with which the boar's head was carved.

Evans, a Welsh antiquary of the last century, that the English ballad was taken from the Welsh; but it appears to have been a mere assertion without any foundation, for none of those who made it ever produced the original from which the English ballad was taken.

If we turn to the other great branch of the Celtic language peculiar to our islands, I am not aware if the story of the mantle is found in Irish literature; but curiously enough we meet with it in Gaelic. In the recently published selection of ancient Gaelic poetry from the Dean of Lismore's book, the editor gives and translates a short poem as "a curious episode in Fenian history": in fact, it is supposed to be one of the fragments of the early Ossianic poetry. One day, according to this poem, Finn went to drink on the banks of the river Alve with a small party: they were in all six men and six women. The men were Finn himself, Diarmad, Cailte and Ossian, Oscar and Conan; the ladies, Maighinis, Finn's wife, and five others. The women became inebriated, and then they began to vaunt their good qualities, and boasted especially that there were no six women in the world so true as they. One only spoke more modestly, and reproved the vanity of the others. While they were thus engaged, a maiden approached bearing a seamless robe, and seated herself by the side of the king (Finn). "Maid of the seamless robe," said Finn, "what virtue has this spotless vest?" She replied that her robe had the quality "that women who were not true could find no shelter in its folds,—it shielded only the spotless wife." Conan then stepped forward, and demanded that his wife should make the first trial. She did so, and the robe "shrank into folds," and left all her breast uncovered. The Fenian heroes appear to have been less tolerant than Arthur's knights, for Conan grasped his spear, and slew his wife. Diarmad's wife fared no better; and when Oscar's spouse put it on, it left her bare to her middle. The fair Queen Maighinis was no better than the others, or even worse, for the robe "creased and folded up to her ears." The

latter part of the poem is, in the translation at least, rather obscure; but it would appear that the daughter of Dearg, who seems to be here considered as the wife of Mac Rea,—though she is elsewhere spoken of as the mother of Ossian, and therefore a wife or mistress of Finn,—occupies the place of the wife of Caradoc in the other legends. When the robe was put on her, “her body was covered, feet and hands, none of it all was left exposed.” As Ossian is pretended to be the composer of this poem, it was but fair that he should give credit to his own mother. But Mac Cumbail, who was not so fortunate, is made to utter a curse against all woman-kind.

Here, then, is a Celtic poem, professing to be of a much more remote antiquity than the age of King Arthur, for Ossian is supposed to have lived in the third century, and the authenticity of which is very strongly vouched; for the poetic son of Finn not only gives his own name among the six heroes present on this occasion, but speaks in the first person of his wife,—“the fair-bosomed maid, my own dear wife,” as one of the ladies of the party. She appears to have escaped the trial. If this poem, therefore, were authentic, the Welsh history of the story would be entirely overthrown. But, unfortunately for its authenticity, the manuscript known as the Dean of Lismore’s Book is itself only of the beginning of the sixteenth century; and a little careful examination will convince us that the poem I refer to was derived from perhaps an earlier form than those now remaining of the English ballad,—very probably through a Lowland Scottish version of it. In fact, the order in which the different incidents occur, and many of the expressions, lead us to believe that this Gaelic poem and the two English ballads were derived from the same earlier English original. It is curious to observe how, in the literature of each of these branches of the Celtic race, foreign legends and literary compositions are at a late period dragged in and transmitted back, so to say, to the Celtic heroic period. It is my



belief that the Gaelic version of the story of the mantle was derived from English ballads of the fifteenth century; while the legend came into Welsh literature through English or French poems in the fourteenth, if not at a later period.<sup>1</sup> This, of course, is a question of some importance, as it bears upon the antiquity of the Welsh *Triads*.

We thus fall back upon France, and find there the centre from which this legend spread itself into the literatures of the various peoples of Western Europe. We will not seek for it in Germany, or in any other countries which are known to have derived the mass of their medieval literature from this central source. But we may ask, from whence did France derive the legend?

There are facts tending to throw some light even upon this new question,—facts which lead our researches towards the east. Morality at Constantinople, under the later empire, was at a lower ebb even than in Western Europe in the middle ages; and we find there the same curiosity for means of detecting individual female weakness, arising out of the same love of scandal. It is recorded in more than one of the Byzantine chroniclers and historians, that in the year 536, under the Emperor Justinian, a man named Andreas went through the provinces of the empire carrying with him a dog which had the power of pointing out faithless wives and unchaste damsels.<sup>2</sup> The critic Nicolaus Alemannus, in his notes on the *Arcana* of Procopius, speaking of the great corruption of morals at this period, quotes from the Byzantine writer an account of a statue of Venus at Constantinople, which had the singular property that, when suspected maidens were brought to it, if they were innocent they went away unharmed; but if guilty, they no sooner approached it than their robes shrank up and exposed their persons; and the same thing happened in

<sup>1</sup> I learn from Mr. Stephens that the earliest allusions in Welsh to the wife of Caradoc as a character in romantic literature, occur in the poems of Goronwy Ddu, who is said to have lived from A.D. 1320 to 1370, and Davydd ap Gwilym, from A.D. 1350 to 1400.

<sup>2</sup> See the Byzantine historian, Theophanes, sub an. 536.



the case of married women who were not faithful to their husbands. The truth of this, it is added, was proved in the case of the sister-in-law of the Emperor Justin II (the nephew of Justinian), who, passing accidentally near the statue, was suddenly exposed to public shame and derision by the treachery of her garments.<sup>1</sup> In revenge she caused the statue to be broken to pieces. There can be little doubt that we have here the real origin of the medieval story of the *Cort Mantel*; for if this singular legend were not itself the foundation of it, it no doubt indicates the existence in Greece of a story similar to that of the mantle, out of which the legend of the statue of Venus was formed; and I shall not be surprised if some day the identical story of the mantle be found among the innumerable tales of the Arabian and Turkish story-tellers. It is evident from the examples I have already given, that there were several forms of the story in the western literature of the middle ages; and a comparison of these examples will shew that the original idea embodied in it was that of disgraceful exposure of the person, which is expressed more crudely by the Byzantine writer.

<sup>1</sup> I give the note of Alemannus as it stands in the original: "*Hac tempestate omnium fere mulierum mores corrupti. Ita ut soror Sophiæ Augustæ Justini uxoris et Theodoræ neptis adulterii manifesta publice facta est. Nam ut in πατρίους cρ. observavimus, erat Byzantii inde a Constantini temporibus Veneris statua, ad quam παρθένοι ἐν ὑποφύγι οὐσαι ὅτε ἐπλησίαζον, εἰ μὲν ἀμεμπτοί, διήρχοντο ἀβλαβεῖς, τῶν δὲ διεφθαρμένων ἀθροῖα ἐσηκοῦντο τὰ ἱμάτια αὐτῶν, καὶ ἐδείκνυντο τὸ αἰδοῖον ὁμοίως δὲ καὶ αἱ ἔχουσαι ἄνδρας, ἐὰν λαθραῖως ἐμοιχεύοντο, τοῦτο ἐγίνετο. ἐκεῖναι γὰρ εὐθὺς ὡμολόγηον· ἡ δὲ γυναικαδελφὴ Ἰουστίνου τοῦ ἀπὸ Κουροπαλατῶν συνέτριψε τὴν στήλην, διὰ τὸ καὶ αὐτῆς φανῆναι τὸ αἰδοῖον μοιχευθείσης ἐκεῖθεν διερχομένης ἐφ' ἥπῳ ἐν τῷ λούσματι τῶν Βλαχερνῶν. Virgines vitii suspectæ cum accederent, siquidem illibatæ essent, secure discedebant, at vero corruptarum statim vestis reducebatur patefactis pudendis. Nuptis etiam feminis, quæ clandestinis adulteris se fœdasent, idem plane accidit, ipsæque statim rem factæ sunt. Cæterum soror uxoris Justini, qui post curam palatii imperium cepit, eam Veneris statuam comminui jussit; quod et ejus, post adulterium, pudenda detecta sint, cum inde præteriret et equo vecta ad balneas Blanchernianas profiscisceretur. Sic etiam adulteras vitiatasque virgines deprehensas Justiniani tempore canis indicio, quem ex Italia Andreas quidam per provincias circumduceret, narrant Theophanes, Anastasius, Cedrenus, Historia Miscella, et Paulus Diac."*

We are thus enabled to trace, in this particular instance, the history of a story which, originating in all appearance in the east, made its way to the west, where it appeared in the French literature as early at least as the thirteenth century. It probably travelled westward in the form of an Arabian or Greek story then current in the East, as we know that multitudes of such stories did so travel westward; when, to give it a western shape, the personages of the story were changed, the new heroes were adopted from the then popular romance cycle of King Arthur,—just as when, at a later period, the Gaelic minstrel took up the story, he changed these personages of the Arthurian romance for others taken among the heroes who attended upon Finn. From the medieval form it had thus assumed in France, it was again taken by the medieval Celtic bards,—those of Wales who had adopted the whole cycle of the romances of King Arthur, placed this story among them, and soon believed that it belonged to their own oldest literature; while the Gaelic minstrels also believed that it belonged to their earliest literature, and gave its authorship to no less a personage than Ossian. It is only by thus tracing its history in detail that we shall obtain gradually a correct appreciation of the real character of Celtic literature as it now exists. I believe that the great mass of it will be found to have been adopted, at a late period, from the popular literature of medieval Europe.

It remains to say a few words on the sources from which I have taken the following texts of the various versions of the popular story, the history of which has been the subject of the preceding essay.

I. Of the *FABLIAU DU CORT MANTEL* three copies are known to exist,—the first in a manuscript in the Imperial Library in Paris, No. 7218, fol. 27, of the thirteenth century;<sup>1</sup> the second in another manuscript

<sup>1</sup> A full description of this interesting manuscript is given by M. Paulin Paris in his valuable work, *Les Manuscrits Français de la Bibliothèque du Roi*, tom. vi, p. 404.

in the same great collection, No. 6973, of the fourteenth century;<sup>1</sup> and the third in a well known manuscript of early French poetry, in the library of Berne in Switzerland, No. 354, fol. 93, of the thirteenth century.<sup>2</sup> It is here printed from the first of these manuscripts, and I have to thank my good friend, M. Paulin Paris, for his kindness in carefully collating my text with the original. The other manuscripts, as is always the case with different mediæval manuscripts of the same poem, contain a great number of various readings; none of which, however, have appeared to me of sufficient importance to be given here, with the exception of those at the conclusion of the poem. The *Fabliau du Cort Mantel* was printed by another old friend, Dr. Ferdinand Wolf of Vienna, in the appendix to a very learned work, but which is now not easily to be met with, *Über die Lais* (p. 342, Vienna, 1837); and there the various readings of the other Parisian manuscript are given. It may be added that this early French poem has not previously to the present edition been translated into English.

II. The two English ballads of THE BOY AND THE MANTLE were printed, as already stated, by Percy in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. The first, like so many other pieces of old English poetry published by Percy, was taken from a manuscript in his own possession. He has not informed us of the source from which he derived the other, but it was most probably furnished by a black-letter ballad. It is evidently of the sixteenth century, or at least not older; and a comparison will shew that it was either a later copy considerably altered from the first, or that both versions were derived from one original. To shew this more effectively, I print them side by side. The different manner in which the boar's head is introduced in these two ballads seems to mark the difference of the age in which they were written. It was an old English custom to bring with great cere-

<sup>1</sup> See Paulin Paris, *ib.*, tom. iii. p. 53.

<sup>2</sup> See the brochure of M. Achille Jubinal, *Lettre au Directeur de l'Artiste*, Paris, 1838, p. 40.

mony the boar's head into hall at the festival of Christmas; and the writer of the later of the two ballads seems to have thought that this circumstance would have been more fitted to the understanding of his contemporaries, than that of boars running wild about the country. He has, therefore, changed the time at which King Arthur held his court from May to Christmas. In 1839 I contributed an edition of these two ballads, with a few notes, to a little collection of early poetry and legend printed at Vienna,<sup>1</sup> from which they are reprinted here.

III. For editing the texts of the WELSH FRAGMENTS relating to the mantle, which are not older than the fifteenth century, I am indebted to Thomas Stephens, Esq., of Merthyr Tydfil, whom I look upon as one of our best and most judicious scholars in the Welsh literature of the middle ages. It is to be regretted that these fragments are so few and so scanty in their nature; but I have hopes that the story, in some form or other, may still be found among the Welsh manuscripts yet in existence. "The story of *Le Court Mantel*, or the *Boy and the Mantle*," Warton tells us, "is recorded in many manuscript Welsh chronicles, as I learn from original letters of Lhuyd in the Ashmolean Museum."<sup>2</sup>

IV. The GAELIC POEM and translation are printed *verbatim* from the very curious and interesting volume of selections from the manuscript of Gaelic poetry collected by the Dean of Lismore (in the Perthshire Highlands) soon after the beginning of the sixteenth century.<sup>3</sup> Some of the poems in this manuscript are, no doubt, considerably older than the manuscript in which they are preserved; but in all probability the greater part of them are not older than the fifteenth century.

T. W.

<sup>1</sup> *Frühlingsgabe für Freunde älterer Literatur* (a spring gift for the friends of old literature). Von Th. G. v. Karajan. 12mo, Wien, 1839.

<sup>2</sup> Warton, *History of English Poetry*, vol. i, p. vi, edition of 1840.

<sup>3</sup> *The Dean of Lismore's Book, a Selection of Ancient Gaelic Poetry*. Edited, with a translation and notes, by the Rev. Thomas McLauchlan. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1862. P. 72 of translations, and p. 50 of texts.

## THE FABLIAU OF THE CORT MANTEL

D'une aventure qui avint  
 A la cort au bon roi qui tint  
 Bretaingne et Engleterre quite,  
 Por ce que n'ert pas à droit dite,  
 Vous vueil dire la verité.  
 A la Pentecouste en esté  
 Tint li rois Artus cort pleniére ;  
 Onques rois en nule maniere  
 Nule plus riche cort ne tint.  
 De maint lointain país i vint  
 Maint roi et maint duc et maint conte,  
 Si com l'estoire le raconte.

Li rois Artus ot fet crier  
 Qui tuit li jone bachelor  
 I venissent delivrement ;  
 Et si fu el commandement,  
 Que qui aroit sa bele amie,  
 Que venist en sa compaignie.  
 Que vous iroie-je contant ?  
 De damoiseles i vint tant  
 Que je n'en sai le conte dire.  
 Molt par en fust griez à eslire  
 La plus bele, la plus cortoise.  
 A la roïne pas n'en poise  
 De se qu'eles sont assablées.  
 En sa chambre les a menées,  
 Et por eles plus enjoir  
 Lor fist maintenant despartir  
 Robes de diverses manieres.  
 Molt furent vaillans les mains chieres, 30  
 De molt bone soie et de riche ;  
 Mès qui vous voudroit la devise  
 Et l'uevre des dras aonter,  
 Trop i covendroit demorer,  
 Qui bien en voudroit reson rendre ;  
 Mès aillors me covient entendre.  
 Molt fit la roïne à loer.  
 Après lor a fet apporter  
 Fermaus, çaintures, et aniaus.  
 Onques tel plenté de joiaus  
 Nus hom, mien escient, ne vit  
 Comme la roïne lor fist  
 A ses puceles apporter.  
 S'en fist à chascune doner  
 Tant comme onques en voudrent prendre.  
 Or me covient aillors entendre,  
 Et du bon roi Artu parler,  
 Qui fist aus chevaliers doner  
 Robes molt riches et molt beles,  
 Et grant plenté d'a[r]mes noveles, 50  
 Et molt riches chevaus d'Espaigne,  
 De Lombardie, et d'Alemaingne.  
 N'i ot si povre chevalier  
 Qui n'eüst armes et destrier,  
 Et robes, se prendre les volt.  
 Onques si grant plenté n'en ot  
 A une feste plus doné.  
 Si en ont tuit le roi loé,  
 Qui ne l' fist mie en repentant,  
 Ains fist toutes voies samblant  
 Que riens ne li griez, ne ne couste.

Of an adventure which occurred  
 At the court of the good king who held  
 Britany and England entirely,  
 Because it has not been told rightly,  
 I will tell you the truth.  
 At Pentecost in summer  
 King Arthur held his full court ;  
 Never king in any manner  
 Held a richer court. [10  
 From many a distant country there came  
 Many a king and many a duke and many  
 As the history relates. [a count,

King Arthur had caused to be proclaimed  
 That every young bachelor  
 Should come in fair array :  
 And there was another command,  
 That whoever had a *belie amie*  
 She should come along with him.  
 Why should I go on talking ?  
 Of damsels there came so many 20  
 That I cannot tell you the number.  
 Very difficult it was to choose  
 The fairest or the most courteous.  
 It was no grievance to the queen  
 That they were assembled.  
 She has conducted them to her chamber,  
 And to cause them greater pleasure  
 She at once distributed among them  
 Robes of different shapes.  
 Very valuable were the least precious, 30  
 Of very good and rich silk ;  
 But whoever would the style  
 And work of the cloths describe,  
 It would take too much time  
 If he would do it properly ;  
 But I must take up other matters.  
 The queen was much to be praised.  
 Afterwards she caused bring them  
 Brooches, girdles, and rings.  
 Never such plenty of jewels 40  
 To my knowledge any man saw  
 As the queen then caused  
 To bring to her maidens.  
 And she caused to be given to each  
 As many as ever they would take.  
 Now I must consider elsewhere,  
 And speak of good king Arthur  
 Who caused to give to the knights  
 Robes very rich and very handsome, 50  
 And great plenty of new arms,  
 And very rich horses of Spain,  
 Of Lombardy, and of Germany.  
 There was not so poor a knight  
 Who had not arms and a steed  
 And robes, if he would take them.  
 Never was there so great plenty  
 Of them given at one feast.  
 And they have all praised the king,  
 Who did it without grudging, 60  
 But by all means shewed  
 That nothing grieved or cost him.

Le samedi de Pentecouste  
 Fu cele grant cort assamblée.  
 Molt ont grant joie demenée;  
 Molt i ot le jor grant deduit.  
 Quant il virent venir la nuit,  
 Ans ostex alerent couchier.  
 Les liz firent li escuier,  
 Si coucha chascuns son seignor.  
 Au matin, quant il fu cler jor,  
 Resont à la cort assamblé,  
 Et o le roi en sont alé  
 Tuit ensamble à la mestre yglise.  
 La roïne vait le service  
 Et ses puceles esconter.  
 Ci ne vueil-je plus demorer,  
 Ne de noient fere l'oc conte.  
 Si com l'estoïre li raconte,  
 Quant li service fu finé,  
 Tuit en sont à la cort alé,  
 Et la roïne en a menées  
 En ses chambres encortinées  
 Toutes ses puceles o li.  
 Li serjant furent bien garni  
 De doner au roi à mengier.  
 Seur les tables sont li doublier,  
 Les salieres, et li coutel.  
 Mès au roi Artu n'ert pas bel  
 Que il menjast, ne ne béust,  
 Por tant que haute feste fust,  
 Ne qu'à la table s'asséist,  
 De si que à la cort venist  
 Aucune aventure novele.  
 Gavains le seneschal apele,  
 Se li demande ce que doit  
 Que li rois mengier ne voloit,  
 Quar il ert ja molt près de nonne.  
 Et Kex le roi en arresone;  
 "Sire," fet-il, "ici que doit  
 Que vous ne mengiez orendroit?  
 Vostre mengier est prest pieçà."  
 Li rois sourrist, si l'esgarda;  
 "Dites-moi," fet-il, "seneschal,  
 Quant véistes feste anual  
 Que je à mengier m'asséisse,  
 De si que à ma cort véisse  
 Aucune novele aventure?"  
 Estes-vous poingnant à droiture  
 Uns vallet parmi une rue;  
 Son cheval d'angoisse tressue,  
 Qui molt venoit à grant exploit.  
 Gavains tout premerains le voit,  
 Qui aus chevaliers escria:  
 "Se Dieu plect, nous mengerons ja,  
 Quar je voi çà venir corant,  
 Seur une molt grant roncin ferrant,  
 Uns vallet parmi une porte  
 Qui aucune novele apporte."  
 Atant est li vallés venuz,  
 Devant la sale est descenduz;  
 Assez fu qui son cheval prist,  
 Li vallés de rien ne mesprist,  
 Quar molt fu sages et membrez.  
 De son mantel s'est desfublez,  
 Si l'a geté demaintenant  
 Sor le col de son auferant.  
 Quant desfublez fu du mantel

The Saturday of Pentecost  
 Was this great court assembled.  
 They have made great joy;  
 During the day there was great enjoy-  
 When they saw the night come, [ment.  
 They went to the lodgings to sleep.  
 The esquires made the beds,  
 And each put his lord to bed. [70  
 In the morning, when it was full daylight,  
 They have reassembled at the court,  
 And with the king they are gone  
 All together to the principal church.  
 The queen and her maidens  
 Go to hear the service.  
 Here I will no longer delay,  
 Nor of nothing make a long story.  
 As the history relates it,  
 When the service was finished,  
 All went thence to the court, 80  
 And the queen took thence  
 To her tapestried chambers  
 All these maidens with her.  
 The servants were well provided  
 To serve the meal to the king.  
 On the tables are the napkins,  
 The saltsellers, and the knives.  
 But it was not agreeable to king Arthur  
 Either to eat or to drink,  
 Inasmuch as it was high festival, 90  
 Nor to sit down to table,  
 Until news came to the court  
 Of some new adventure.  
 Gawain calls the steward,  
 And asks him what is wanting  
 That the king would not eat,  
 For it was now very near noon.  
 And Kay expostulates with the king:  
 "Sire," said he, "what is wanting here  
 To prevent your eating at once? 100  
 Your dinner is ready some time."  
 The king smiled and looked at him;  
 "Tell me," said he, "steward,  
 When saw you the annual feast  
 At which I seated myself to eat,  
 Until there came to my court  
 Some new adventure?"  
 Behold, riding earnestly,  
 A valet amid the street;  
 His horse sweats with labour, 110  
 For he came with great speed.  
 Gawain saw him first,  
 And cried out to the knights,  
 "If God pleases, we shall eat now;  
 For I see there come running  
 On a very great horse of speed,  
 A valet through a gate,  
 Who brings some news."  
 At length the valet is arrived, 120  
 And is descended before the hall.  
 There were plenty to take his horse.  
 The valet forgot himself in nothing,  
 For he was very wise and remembering.  
 He took his mantle off,  
 And threw it immediately  
 On the neck of his steed.  
 When he was freed from his mantle

- A grant merveille par fu bel.  
Blont ot le chief et cler le vis,  
Bele bouche et nez bien assis,  
Grosses espaulles et lons braz;  
Trestout à uns mot le vous faz,  
Onques plus bel ne fist nature.  
Grant cors et grant enforcéure,  
Jambes bien fetes, piez voutiz.  
Sages paroles et biaux diz  
Out li vallès à grant plenté.  
Quant en la sale fu entré,  
Cortoisement et biau parla:  
"Cil Diex," fet-il, "qui tout forma,  
Sant et gart ceste compaignie!"  
"Biaus amis, Diex vous benéie!"  
Ce li dist Kex li seneschaus.  
"Tressuez est vostre chevaus;  
Quar me dites que vous querrez."  
"Sire," fet-il, "ainz me moustrez  
Et m'enseigniez Artu le roi;  
Quar, par la foi que je vous doi,  
Je li dirai jà tex noveles  
Qui à toz ne seront pas beles,  
Et teux i a qu'en auront joie."  
A chascun est tart que li oïe  
Que c'est que li vallès a quis.  
"Par mon chief," dist-il, "biaus amis,  
Vez-le là en cele chaire."  
Li chevalier sont tret arriere,  
Si lessent le vallet aler.  
Cil qui n'a soing de demorer,  
En est devant le roi venuz,  
Se li a fet uns gent saluz.  
"Cil Diex," fet-il, "qui fist le mont  
Et toutes les choses qu'i sont,  
Et de tout fet sa volenté,  
Gart le meillor roi coroné  
Qui onques fust, ne jamès soit!  
Sire," fet-il, "or est bien droit  
Que je vous die que j'ai quis.  
Une pucele m'a tramis  
De moult lointain país à vous;  
Uns don vous requier à estrous,  
Et si vueil bien que vous sacheiz,  
Se je ne l'ai à ceste foiz,  
Jà ne vous ert plus demandé,  
Ne jà ne vous sera nommé  
Ne le don, ne la damoisele,  
Qui tant est avenant et bele,  
De si que je de fi saurai  
Se je de vous le don aurai;  
Et je vous créant une rien,  
Et vueil que tuit le sachent bien,  
Que je ne vous querrai hontage  
Où aiez honte ne damage."  
Gavains a premerains parlé:  
"Cist dons ne puet estre vée,"  
Fet-il, "quant n'i ait vilonie,  
Mès que misires l'en mercie."  
Lors a dit li rois qu'il l'aurroit  
Tout maintenant, quoi que ce soit.  
Cil l'en mercie o bele chiere,  
Et li vallès prist s'aumosniere,  
Si en a tret fors un mantel.  
Onques nus hom ne vit si bel,  
Quar une fée l'avoit fet;
- He was wonderfully handsome. [bright;  
He had his head blonde, and his face  
A handsome mouth, and nose well placed;  
Broad shoulders and long arms; [130  
I tell it you all in one word,  
Nature never made one more handsome,  
Large body and large cleft,  
Legs well made, feet vaulted.  
Wise words and fair speech  
Had the valet in great plenty.  
When he had entered the hall,  
He spoke courteously and fair:  
"That God," said he, "who created all,  
Save and guard this company!" [140  
"Fair friend, God bless you!"  
Replied Kay the seneschal.  
"Your horse is covered with sweat;  
Tell me what you come for."  
"Sir," said he, "first show me  
And point out to me Arthur the king;  
For, by the faith I owe you,  
I will here tell him such news  
As shall not be good to all, [150  
And some there are will rejoice at them."  
Each was in a hurry to hear  
What it was the valet wanted.  
"By my head," said he, "fair friend,  
There he is in that chair."  
The knights drew back,  
And made way for the valet.  
He, who wanted no delay,  
Came before the king,  
And made him a gentle salutation. [160  
"That God," said he, "who made the  
And all things in it, [world  
And does his will on everything,  
Guard the best king crowned  
That ever was or ever may be!  
Sire," said he, "now it is quite right  
That I tell you my errand.  
A maiden has sent me  
From a very distant country to you;  
I ask you a grant without delay, [170  
And I wish you to know positively,  
If I have it not at this asking,  
It will not be asked of you again,  
And you will never hear the name  
Of the grant or of the damsel,  
Who is so agreeable and beautiful,  
Until I know certainly  
If I shall have from you the grant;  
And I give you my faith,  
And wish all to know it well, [180  
That I shall not seek your discredit  
Where you would either have shame or  
Gawain spoke first: [loss."  
"This gift cannot be refused,"  
Said he, "if there is no vilany,  
But let milord thank him for it."  
Then the king said that he should have it  
At once, whatever it might be.  
He thanks him with fair mien;  
And the valet takes his aumosniere, [190  
And draws from it a mantle.  
No man ever saw one so handsome,  
For a fairy made it;



Nus n'en savoroit le portret  
Ne l'oeuvre du drap aconter ;  
Trop i covendroit demorer.

Or lera i de l'ouvrage ester ;  
D'autre chose voudrai parler,  
Si vous dirai une merveille,  
Onques n'oïstes la pareille.  
La fée fist el drap une oeuvre  
Qui les fausses dames descuevre.  
Jà fame qui l'ait afublé,  
Se ele a de rien messerré  
Vers son seignor, se ele l'a,  
Jà puis adroit ne li serra ;  
Ne aus puceles autressi,  
Se ele vers son bon ami  
Avoit mespris en nul endroit,  
Jà puis ne li serroit à droit

Que ne soit trop long ou trop cort.

Et cil, oiant toute la cort,  
Lor a tout acoté et dit  
L'oeuvre du mantel et descrit.  
Puis dist au roi iselemant :  
"Sire," fet-il, "demaintenant  
Que n'i ait point de demorer,  
Fetes le mantel afubler ;  
Si n'i ait dame ne pucele  
Qui sache mot de la novele,  
Dont céenz a grant assablée ;  
El me fu de molt loins contée.  
Si sui venus d'estrange terre  
Por seulement cest don requerre."

Molt esgarderent le mantel,  
Et dist : "Gavains, ci a don bel,  
Et molt regnable est à doner.  
Fetes la roïne mander.

Gavains, alez i esraument,  
Vous et Yvain tant seulement,  
Et si dites à la roïne

Que n'i ait dame ne meschine  
Qu'ele ne face o li venir ;  
Quar je vueil fermement tenir  
Ce qu'au vallet ai créanté."

Et cil cui il l'a commandé  
I sont alé demaintenant.

La roïne truevent lavant,  
Qui du mengier s'apareilloit,  
Que durement li auioit  
De ce que tant ot jéuné.

Gavains a premerain parlé :  
"Dame," fet-il, "li rois vous mande,  
Et tout à estrous vous commande  
Que vous sans plus de delaier  
Venez en la sale mengier.

Si amenez ces damoiseles  
Qui tant sont avenanz et beles ;  
Quar à cort vint ore uns danzel,  
Qui aporta uns cort mantel,  
Onques nus si riche ne vit.

Le drap est d'un riche samit ;  
Il est à merveilles bien fet ;  
Molt honorera le portret

Et les ouvrages qui i sont ;  
Il n'a son per en tout le mont.  
Et sachiés bien de verité  
Que il a au roi créanté  
Que il à cele le donra,

No one could describe the design of it,  
Or the work of the cloth ;  
It would take too much time.

Now I will speak no more of the work ;

I will speak of other matter,  
And I will tell you a wonder,  
You never heard its equal.

200

The fairy made in the cloth a work

Which discovers false ladies.

Never lady who had put it on,

If she has in any way sinned

Towards her lord, if she has one,

It will never fit her ;

Nor to damsels similarly,

If she towards her lover

Has erred in any way,

210

It will never after fit her,

But will be too long or too short.

And he, in the hearing of the whole court,

Has related and told them all

The work of the mantle, and described it.

Then he said to the king promptly :

"Sire," said he, "now

Let there be no delay,

Cause the mantle to be tried on ;

And let there be nor dame nor maiden

220

Knows a word of the news,

Of whom there are here great assembly ;

It was told me from a great distance.

And I am come from foreign land

In order only to ask this grant."

They looked much at the mantle,

And said (the king) : "Gawain, here is a

And it is very reasonable to give. [fair gift,

Cause the queen to be sent for.

Gawain, go there directly,

230

You and Ivain only,

And tell the queen

To leave neither dame nor girl,

Whom she does not bring with her ;

For I will hold firmly

That which I have promised to the valet."

And those to whom he gave the order

Went there immediately.

They found the queen washing her hands,

And preparing for dinner,

240

For it had grieved her much

To fast so long.

Gawain spoke first :

"Lady," said he, "the king sends for you,

And commands you immediately

That you without more delay

Come into the hall to dinner.

Bring also the damsels

Who are so agreeable and handsome ;

For a youth is now come to court,

250

Who has brought a short mantle,

None ever saw one so rich.

The cloth is of rich samite ;

It is wonderfully well made ;

The style of it is very becoming,

And the works that are in it ;

There is not its equal in the whole world.

And know well the truth,

That he has promised the king

That he will give it to her



A cui miex et plus bel serra."  
Mais onques ne lor en dist plus.  
S'eles s'eussent le sorplus,  
Miex voussissent que il fust ars,  
Se il vauisist cent mille mars.

La roïne premier le prent,  
Maintenant à son col le pent,  
Que molt amast que il siens fust;  
Mès se la verité s'eüst  
Comment li mantiaus fu toissuz,  
Jà à son col ne fust penduz;  
A paine au soller li ataint.  
Toz li vis li palist et taint  
Por la honte que ele en ot.  
Yvains par delez li estot,  
Qui li voit si noircir le vis:

"Dame," fet-il, "il m'est avis  
Que il ne vous est pas trop lonc;  
Sachiez qui le travers d'un jonc  
Du mantel sanz plus osteroit,  
Jà puis à droit ne vous serroit.  
Cele damoisele de là  
Qui delez vous à destre esta,  
Ele afublera avant,  
Quar ele est bien de vostre grant.  
Amie est Tors, le filz Arés;  
Le mantel li bailliez après,  
Si porrez bien à li véoir  
S'il vous porra à droit séoir."  
Desfublées s'est la roïne,  
Le mantel tent à la meschine,  
Qui molt volentiers li afubla;  
Et le mantel plus acoëra.  
Qu'à la roïne n'avoit fet.  
"Tost est ore," dist Kex, "retret  
Si ne l'a on pas loins porté."  
Et la roïne a demandé  
Tout entor li à ses barons:

"Dont ne m'est-il assez plus lons?"  
"Dame," dist Kex li seneschaus,  
"Avis m'est qu'estes plus loiaus  
Que ceste n'est, mès c'est petit;  
Et si ai-je malement dit  
Que plus léaus n'estes-vous mie,  
Mès mains a en vous tricherie."  
Et la roïne a demandé  
Comment va de la loiauté,  
Que l'en die delivrement  
Tout quanqu' au mantel en apent.  
Et Kex li a trestout conté  
De chief en chief la verité,  
Si com li vallets l'est conté  
Et du mantel et de la fée,  
Et l'ouvrage que ele i fist;  
Tout de chief en chief li a dit,  
Si c'onques riens n'en trespasa.

La roïne se porpenssa,  
S'ele fesoit d'ire samblant  
Tant seroit la honte plus grant;  
Chascune l'aura afublé;  
Si l'a en jenglois atorné.  
"Que vont ces autres attendant,  
Quant je l'ai afublé avant?"  
"Dame, dame," ce a dit Koi,  
"Ancui verrons la bone foi  
Que vous fetes à voz seignors,

260 Whom it shall fit best and fairest." 260  
But he told them nothing more.

If they had known the rest  
They would have rather had it burnt,  
If it had been worth a hundred thousand  
The queen first takes it: [marks.]

She now attaches it to her neck,  
Desiring much that it were hers;  
But if she knew the truth,  
How the mantle was woven,

270 It would not be hanged at her neck; 270  
It hardly reached her shoe.  
All her face became pale and coloured  
For the shame she had of it.

Yvain stood near her,  
And saw her face darken:  
"Lady," said he, "it is my opinion  
That it is not too long for you;  
Know that if the breadth of a rush  
One took from the mantle, without more,

280 It would not fit you the better. 280  
That damsel there,  
Who stands by you on the right,  
She will come forward and try it,  
For she is about your size.  
She is mistress of Tors, son of Ares.  
Give her the mantle next,  
And you will see well by her  
If it can fit you right."

The queen took it off,  
And gave the mantle to the girl, 290  
Who very willingly put it on;  
And the mantle shrank more  
Than it had done with the queen.

290 "It is now soon told," said Kay,  
"Although it has not been carried far."  
And the queen asked  
All round her of her barons,  
"Why is it not long enough for me?"

"Lady," said Kay the steward,  
"It is my opinion that you are more loyal  
Than she is, but not much; [300  
And yet I have misspoken,  
For you are not more loyal,  
But there is less deception in you."  
And the queen asked  
What it was about loyalty,  
That they should tell her at once  
What was the affair about the mantle.

300 And Kay told her all  
The truth from head to head, 310  
As the valet had told it,  
Both of the mantle and of the fairy,  
And of the work she had done in it;  
All from head to head he told her,  
And omitted nothing.

The queen reflected  
That if she made show of anger  
Her shame would be only the greater;  
Each will have tried it on;  
So she turned it to jest. 320

310 "Why are the others waiting,  
Since I have put it on first?"  
"Lady, lady," said Kay,  
"We shall soon see the good faith  
You hold to your lords,

320

- Et la léauté des amors  
Que ces damoiseles demainent,  
Por qui cil chevalier se painent  
Et metent en grantz aventures.  
Molt se fëissent ore lui.....res 330  
Qui d'amors les aresonast.  
N'i a cele qui ne jurast,  
S'il fust qui prendre la vousist,  
Que onques de riens ne mesprist."  
Quant les dames ont entendu  
Comment le mantel fu tissu,  
Et l'nevre que la fée i fist,  
N'i a cele qui ne vousist  
Estre arrières en sa contrée,  
Que n'i a dame si osée 340  
Ne damoisele qui l'ost prendre.  
"Bien le pooms," dist li rois, "rendre  
Au vallet qui ça l'aporta;  
Bien voi céenz ne remaindra  
Por damoisele qui i soit."  
Li vallès dist: "Tenès moi droit;  
Jamès nul jor ne le prendrai  
De si adont que je verrai  
Que toutes l'auront afublé;  
Quar ce que rois a créanté  
Doit par reson estre tenu."  
Et li rois li a respondu:  
"Biaus amis, vous dites reson;  
Il n'i aura jà achoison  
Que ne lor coviegne afubler."  
Lors les véissiez encliner,  
Muer color et empalir,  
D'ire et de mautalent fremir;  
N'i a cele qui ne vousist  
Que la compaigne le préist,  
Ne jà ne l'en portast envie. 360  
Kex en a apelé s'amie;  
"Damoisele, venez avant,  
Oiant ces chevaliers me vant  
Que vous estes léaus partout;  
Que je sai bien, sanz nul redout  
Vous le poez bien afubler.  
N'i auez compaigne ne per  
De léaute, ne de valor;  
Vous en porterez hui l'onor  
De céenz, sanz nul contredit." 370  
La damoisele li a dit:  
"Sire," fet-el, "s'il vous pléust,  
Je vousisse qu'autre l'eüst  
Afublé tout premierement,  
Quar j'en voi céenz plus de cent  
Que nule ne l' vent afubler."  
"Ha!" fet Kex, "je vous voi donter,  
Je ne sai que ce senefie."  
"Sire," fet-el, "ce n'i a mie;  
Mès j'en voi céenz grant plenté,  
Dont chascune a assez bianté,  
Et nule ne l' oee sesir;  
Si ne me vueil por ce envair  
Que ne me fust à mal torné."  
"Jà mar en douterez mangré,"  
Fet Kex, "qu'eles n'en ont talent."  
Et la damoisele le prent,  
Voiant les barons l'afubla,  
Et li mantiaus plus acorça, 390  
Aus jarés et noient avant;
- And the faithfulness of the loves  
Which these damsels entertain,  
For whom these knights labour  
And put themselves in great adventures.  
They would now do much 330  
Who would talk to them of love.  
There is not one but would swear,  
If any one would take her,  
That she never erred in anything."  
When the ladies have heard  
How the mantle was woven,  
And the work which the fairy did in it,  
There was not one but wished  
To be back in her country; 340  
And there was not a lady so courageous,  
Nor damsel, who wish to take it. [it  
"We had better," said the king, "return  
To the valet who brought it here;  
I see well it will not remain here  
For any damsel we have."  
The valet said: "Keep faith with me;  
I will never take it  
Until I have seen  
All of them try it on;  
For what a king has promised 350  
Ought rightly to be performed." 350  
And the king replied to him:  
"Fair friend, you say right;  
There shall not be any excuse,  
But they must all put it on."  
Then you might see them bow their heads,  
Change colour, and become pale,  
Tremble with anger and spite;  
There was not one but wished  
Her companion to go before her, 360  
Nor was at all envious of her.  
Kay called his mistress:  
"Damsel, come forward,  
In the hearing of these knights vaunt  
That you are loyal in all things;  
For I know well, without fear,  
That you are able to put it on.  
You will have neither companion norequal  
In loyalty or worth;  
You will today bear the honour 370  
Here without any contradiction." 370  
The damsel said to him:  
"Sir," said she, "if you please,  
I would that another had  
Tried it on first;  
For I see here more than a hundred,  
Of whom not one will put it on."  
"Ah!" said Kay, "I see you are afraid;  
I know not what that means."  
"Sir," said she, "that is not it; 380  
But I see here great plenty, 380  
Each of whom has beauty enough,  
And not one dare take it;  
Therefore I will not presume,  
That I may get no reproach."  
"Now you shall not fear it, although,"  
Said Kay, "they have no will to it."  
And the damsel took it,  
Before the barons she put it on,  
And the mantle became shortened 390  
To the ham, and not beyond;

Et li dui acor de devant  
 Ne porent les genous passer.  
 "Voirement n'i avoit son per,"  
 Ce li a dit Bruns sanz pitié;  
 "Bien doit estre joiant et lié  
 Messires Kex li seneschaus;  
 Voirement estes des léaus."  
 Quant Kex li vit si messéoir,  
 Il ne voustist por nul avoir  
 Que li rois peüst aramir,  
 Que ne se pot mie couvrir,  
 Que vœu est de tant de gent.  
 Lors dist Ydier en sorriant,  
 "Bien doit à eschar revertir  
 Qui en toz tens en veut servir."  
 Cele n'i voit point de rescousse;  
 Et Kex dist à la perestrousse:  
 "Seignor, trop vous poez haster,  
 Nous verrons ja sanz demorer  
 Comment il ert aus voz séant.  
 Festes les tost venir avant,  
 Jà verrons comme il lor serra."  
 Arrière lors le desfubla,  
 Si l'a geté sor uns séoir;  
 Si se r'est alée séoir.  
 Quant les autres orent vœu  
 Que si mal li est avenü,  
 Molt par fu le vallet maudit;  
 Quar bien savent que escondit  
 Ne lor poit avoir mestier;  
 Por noient feroient dangier,  
 Que ne lor coviegent afubler.  
 Le connestable du lorer  
 En a le roi à reson mis.  
 "Sire," fet-il, "il m'est avis  
 Que nous sommes tuit molt vilain;  
 L'amie mon seignor Gavain,  
 Qui tant est noble et avenant,  
 Le deüst afubler avant,  
 Venelaus, la preus, la cortoise.  
 A mon seignor Gavains en poise  
 De ce que trop est oubliée."  
 "Si soit," fet li rois, "apelée."  
 Beduiers tantost l'apela;  
 Et la pucele se leva,  
 Qui pas ne l'osoit refuser.  
 Et li rois li fist aporter  
 Le mantel, et ele le prent.  
 Maintenant à son col le pent,  
 Qui n'i osa essoine querre.  
 Derrière li ataint à terre  
 Si que plain pié li traina;  
 Et la pucele se leva,  
 Si que li genouz descouvri  
 Et li senestres se fornî.  
 Tout entor ala le mantel.  
 A Keu le seneschal fu bel,  
 Quant il chosi l'acor si cort.  
 Ne cuidoit qu'en toute la cort  
 Eüst dame plus fust loiaus.  
 "Par mon chief!" dist li seneschaus,  
 "Huimèe, la dame Dieu merci!  
 Ne serai-je seul escharni,  
 Quar cel acor que je là voi  
 Nous senefie ne sai qoi;  
 Or vous en dirai mon avis.

And the two lappets before  
 Could not pass the knees.  
 "Truly there was not her equal."  
 Bruns told her so without pity;  
 "Well may be joyous and glad  
 My lord Kay the steward;  
 Truly you are one of the loyal."  
 When Kay saw it fit so ill,  
 He would not for anything  
 That the king could engage  
 That it might not be concealed,  
 Which is seen by so many.  
 Then said Ydier smiling,  
 "Well ought he to come to scorn  
 Who will use it always."  
 She sees no rescue;  
 And Kay says to those around,  
 "Lords, you may be too hasty;  
 We shall see without delay  
 How it will be with you.  
 Make them immediately come forward,  
 Then we shall see how it will fit them."  
 She then took it off,  
 And threw it on a seat,  
 And went to sit down again.  
 When the others had seen  
 That her success was so ill,  
 The valet was much accursed;  
 For they know well that excuse  
 Could not be of use to them;  
 In vain they might make difficulty,  
 For they must try it on.  
 The constable of the .....(?)  
 Expostulated with the king.  
 "Sire," said he, "it is my opinion  
 That we are all very ill-mannered:  
 My lord Gawain's mistress,  
 Who is so noble and elegant,  
 Ought to put it on now,  
 Venelaus, the gentle and courteous.  
 My lord Gawain is grieved  
 That she has been too long forgotten."  
 "Let her," said the king, "be called."  
 Beduiers immediately called her;  
 And the maiden rose,  
 For she dared not refuse.  
 And the king caused to be brought her  
 The mantle, and she took it.  
 Now she hangs it to her neck,  
 For she dared not seek an excuse.  
 Behind her it reached the ground,  
 So that it trailed a whole foot;  
 And the maiden rose,  
 So that it uncovered her knees,  
 And the left was covered,  
 The mantle went all round.  
 It pleased Kay the steward,  
 When he saw the lappet so short. [450  
 He did not believe that in the whole court  
 There was a lady more loyal.  
 "By my head!" said the steward,  
 "Today, thank God!  
 I shall not be the only one scorned,  
 For the lappet I see there  
 Means I know not what;  
 But I will tell you my opinion.

La damoisele, o le cler vis, Ot la destre jambe levée Et sor icele fu corbée, Et l'autre remest en estant; Et si croi-je que en gisant Li avint ce en uns trespas. Je croi que je ne vous ment pas A la besoingne que je di." Mesires Gavins fu marri, Que onques mot ne li sona, Et Kex dist que il la menra Séoir avec la seue amie, Quar poi out encor compaignie. Li rois prist par la destre main L'amie monseigneur Yvain, Qui au roi Urien fu fil, Le preu chevalier, le gentil, Qui tant ama chiens et oisiaus. "Bele," fet-il, "icist mantiaus Doit estre vostre par reon; Nus ne set en vous achoison Que bien ne le doiez avoir; Nus ne puet rien de vous savoir." Dist Gahariès, li petiz: "N'afichiez mie si voz diz, Devant que vous auez véu Comment il li ert venu." Affublé l'a delivrement; Li mantiaus arriere s'estent, Si que plain pié li traîna. Li mestres acors se leva Seur le genoil uns seul petit. Sire Gahariès a dit: "Molt par est fols qui nule en croit, Que chascune le sien deçoit. S'il estoit le mieudres de l'ost, Tant le decevroit el plus tost; Or en droites le disiez-vous Qu'ele l'auroit tout à estrous; Or poez bien apercevoir S'ele le puet par droit avoir. Or vous en dirai mon samblant; Li mantiaus qui arriere pant, Nous monstre qu'il chiet de son gré Volentiers seur icel costé; Et li autres qui tant li lieve Nous monstre que molt poi li grieve A lever contre mont les dras; Quar ele vent isnel le pas Soit la besoingne apareillie." La damoisele est tant irie Qu'ele ne set que fere doie; Si prent par l'atache de soie Le mantel, si l'a jus geté; Le vallet qui l'ot aporté A molt escordelment maudit. Et Kex, li sénéchaus, a dit: "Bele, ne vous corouciez pas; O damoisele Venelas Vendrez séoir et o m'amie, Quar poi ont encor compaignie." Li rois apela demanois L'amie au damoiseil Galois Qui au cheval ert apelez. "Bele," fet li rois, "or prenez Le mantel; vestres ert en fin,	460	The lady with the bright countenance Had the right leg raised, And on it was enjoyed, And the other remained straight; And I believe that as she lay This happened to her by mishap. I think I do not say false In the explanation I give." My lord Gawain was vexed, And said not a word to him; And Kay said that he would lead her To sit with his own mistress, For there was yet small company. The king took by the right hand The mistress of my lord Iwain, Who was king Urien's son, The brave knight and gentle, Who so much loved dogs and birds. "Beauty," he said, "this mantle Ought rightly to be yours; Nobody knows in you a cause Why you ought not to have it; Nobody knows ill of you." Gahariès the little said: "Don't be so ready in your opinion, Before you have seen How it shall happen to her." She immediately put it on; The mantle stretched behind, So that it trailed a foot. The main lappet rose A very little above the knee. Sir Gahariès said: [man, "He is a great fool who believes any wo- For each deceives her lover. If he were the best of the host, She would the sooner deceive him. Now you said off hand That she would have it all at will; Now you may well perceive If she could have it rightly. Now I will tell you my opinion; The mantle, which hangs behind, Shows that she gladly falls Willingly on that side; And the other, which rises so much, Shows that it grieves her very little To raise up her clothes; For she desires quickly That the business be done." The damsel was so provoked That she knew not what to do: So she takes by its silk tie The mantle, and threw it down. The vallet who had brought it She very thoroughly cursed. And Kay the seneschal said to her: "Beauty, be not angry; With damsel Venelas You shall sit, and with my mistress, For they have yet little company." The king called next The mistress of the Welsh youth Who was called Perceval. "Beauty," said the king, "now take The mantle; it will be yours at last,	460
	470		470
	480		480
	490		490
	500		500
	510		510
	520		520

Vous avez le cuer enterin ;  
 Bien sai que il vous remaindra."  
 Girfles de parler se hasta,  
 Si dist au roi : "Sire, merci,  
 N'afichiez nule riens issi,  
 Tant que la fin aurez véue,  
 Et com l'uevre ert aperçuee."  
 La damoisele s'aperçoit,  
 Et à escient set et voit  
 Qu'ele n'en puet par el passer.  
 Mès quant el le dut affubler,  
 Les ataches en sont rompues,  
 Et à la terre jus chéues,  
 Avoec le mantel tout ensamble;  
 Et li cors d'angoisse li tramble  
 Si que ne se set conseilher.  
 Molt l'esgardent li chevalier  
 Et escuier et jovecel;  
 Molt par ont mandit le mantel  
 Et celui qui li aporta;  
 Quar james à droit ne serra  
 A dame ne à damoisele,  
 Tant soit ne cortoise, ne bele,  
 Que jà por ce li séist miex.  
 Les lermes li chieient des iex,  
 N'i a si petit qui ne l' voie;  
 Et Kex maintenant la convoie  
 O s'amie et o la Gavain.  
 "Tenez," fet-il, "je vous amain  
 Que ne vous anuit compaignie."  
 Mès nule si ne l'en mercie,  
 Et il s'en retourne riant.  
 Le vallet prist demaintenant  
 Le mantel qui gisoit à terre.  
 "Or i covient ataches querre,  
 Biaux amis," ce li dist li rois.  
 Et il en i mist demanois  
 Unes q'il prist en s'aumosniere,  
 Qu'il ne veut, en nule maniere  
 Soit destorbée la besoingne,  
 Ne que nus hom i quiere essoinne,  
 Mès affubler delivrement.  
 Et lors li rois le mantel prent.  
 Kex a par grant ire parlé:  
 "Trop avons," fet-il, "jeuné;  
 Por quoi font ces dames dangier ?  
 Que jà ne serront au mengier  
 Tant qu'eles l'aient afublé,  
 Et s'en pueent avoir maugré,  
 Et si l'afubleront après."  
 Girfles, qui fu fel et engrès,  
 Li respondi : "Sire, ne l' dites,  
 Bien les en poez clamer quites,  
 Se il vous venoit à plesir.  
 Volez les vous plus que honir ?  
 Et quant eles le mantel voient  
 Eles creantent et otroient,  
 Oiant seignors, oiant amis,  
 Que le mantel soit arrier mis;  
 Volez les vous chacier avant ?"  
 Lors le lessast li rois atant,  
 Por ce que avoit dit Girfles,  
 Quant avant sailli li vallès,  
 Et dist au roi : "Je vous demant  
 Que vous me tenez couvenant,  
 Si com vous le m'avez promis."

You have a heart without reproach.  
 I am quite sure it will be yours."  
 Girfles spoke in haste,  
 And said to the king : "Sire, thank you,  
 Don't make sure of anything  
 Until you have seen the end,  
 And how the work will turn out." 530  
 The damsel perceived,  
 And knew and saw perfectly  
 That she could not avoid the trial.  
 But when she came to put it on,  
 Its ties broke  
 And fell to the ground,  
 With the mantle altogether;  
 And her body trembles with vexation,  
 So that she knows not what to do. 540  
 The knights look much at her, 540  
 And squires and youths;  
 They have much cursed the mantle  
 And him who brought it;  
 For it will never fit well  
 Either dame or damsel,  
 However courteous or beautiful,  
 That it will become her the better for that.  
 The tears fell from her eyes,  
 There is no one so little but sees it; 550  
 And Kay now takes her 550  
 To sit with his mistress and Gawain's.  
 "Come," said he, "I lead you  
 Where the company will not annoy you."  
 But no one thanks him for it,  
 And he goes back laughing.  
 The valet now took  
 The mantle, which lay on the ground.  
 "New ties must be sought,  
 Dear friend," said the king to him.  
 And he immediately put on 560  
 Some which he took from his aunmonière,  
 Because he would that in no manner  
 The proceedings should be interrupted,  
 Nor that anybody should make it an excuse,  
 But try it on immediately.  
 And then the king took the mantle.  
 Kay spoke in great ire :  
 "We have," said he, "fasted too long;  
 Why do these ladies make difficulties ?  
 They will not sit down to dinner 570  
 Until they have tried it on;  
 And they may have spite of it,  
 And try it on after."  
 Girfles, who was fierce and wicked,  
 Replied : "Sir, say it not;  
 You can easily cry them quit,  
 If it were your pleasure.  
 Will you do more than shame them ?  
 And when they see the mantle 580  
 They consent and grant, 580  
 In the hearing of husbands and lovers,  
 That the mantle be put back;  
 Will you drive them forward ?"  
 Then the king would have laid it by,  
 For what Girfles had said;  
 But the valet stepped forward,  
 And said to the king : "I ask of you  
 That you hold your covenant with me,  
 As you promised me."

Li chevalier sont tuit pensais,  
 Nus d'aus ne li set nus mot dire.  
 Ydiers en apela par ire  
 S'amie qui lez lui séoit;  
 Quar au matin de voir cuidoit  
 Que nule ne fust plus loians.  
 "Damoisele, li seneschaus  
 Me dist or que trop me hastoie.  
 Je dis que riens ne me doutoie;  
 Mès je me fai en vous tant  
 Que je parlai sèurement.  
 Mès molt le fetes lentement.  
 Or sachiez que je m'en repent  
 Por ce que je vous voi douter.  
 Alez le mantel affubler,  
 Quar je ne vueil plus delaier.  
 Por quoi en fetes-vous dangier,  
 Quant n'en poez par el passer?"  
 Li rois li fist tost aporter  
 Le mantel, et ele le prent;  
 Maintenant à son col le pent,  
 Que n'i osa essoine querre.  
 Li acor cheïrent à terre,  
 Si que plain pié li traïnerent.  
 Li plus des chevaliers cuiderent  
 Que en li n'eüst se bien non,  
 Puis regarderent le crepon  
 Qui trestoz descoverers estoit.  
 Girlfet, qui premerains le voit,  
 Li escrie demaintenant:  
 "Li acor en sont trop pendant,  
 Ne sont pas à vostre oës taillez;  
 Jamès derrier n'ert si moillies  
 Qu'il puisse roons devenir."  
 Et Kex qui ne se pot tenir  
 De ce qu' Ydier l'ot ramposné,  
 L'en rendi tantost la bonté.  
 "Ydier, que vous en est avis?  
 Vostre amie n'a rien mespris!  
 Bien vous en poez or gaber;  
 Vous n'en poez que .iij. trover  
 Esprovées de léauté.  
 Li siècles est si atorné  
 Que chascuns en cuide une avoir.  
 Vous cuidiez jà hui avoir  
 La léauté qui en vous ert.  
 Mal est couvert cui le cul pert.  
 Or vous en dirai la maniere:  
 El se fet cengler par derriere  
 Si com li mantiaus le devise."  
 Ydiers ne set en nule guise  
 Que il puisse fero ne dire.  
 Ele prist le mantel par ire,  
 Si le geta devant le roi.  
 Lors l'a prise par la main Qoi,  
 Si l'a o les autres menée:  
 "Par foi!" fet-il, "ceste assamblée  
 Ert jà, se Dieu plest, grant et bele.  
 Jà n'i remandra damoisele  
 Ne viegne en ceste compaignie;  
 Por ce seroit grant vilonie  
 Se l'une aloit l'autre gabant."  
 Que vous iroie-je disant?  
 Unes et autres l'afublerent  
 Et lor amis les esgarderent.  
 Onques à nule bien ne sist,

590 The knights are all sorrowful, 590  
 Not one of them had a word to say.  
 Ydier called in anger  
 On his mistress who sat by him;  
 For in the morning he believed truly  
 That there was none more loyal.  
 "Damsel, the steward  
 Told me just now I was in too great haste.  
 I said that I feared nothing;  
 But I put such trust in you  
 That I spoke with confidence. 600  
 But you move very slowly.  
 Now know that I repent it,  
 Because I see you hesitate.  
 Go and put on the mantle,  
 For I will delay no longer.  
 Why do you make a difficulty of it,  
 Since you cannot escape it?"  
 The king causes quick to be brought to her  
 The mantle, and she takes it.  
 610 Now she hangs it to her neck, 610  
 For she dared not make excuse.  
 The lappets fell to the ground,  
 So that they trailed a whole foot.  
 Most of the knights believed  
 That there was nothing but good in her,  
 Now they looked at her behind,  
 Which was all uncovered.  
 Girlfet, who first saw it,  
 Now cries to her:  
 620 "Its lappets are too long, 620  
 They are not made for your use;  
 Never the behind was so formed  
 That it could become round."  
 And Kay, who could not restrain himself,  
 Because Ydier had rallied him,  
 Soon returned the favour.  
 "Ydier, what is your opinion of it?  
 Your mistress has not erred!  
 You have now a right to joke;  
 630 You can find but three of them 630  
 Of proved loyalty.  
 The world is so turned  
 That each believes he has one.  
 You thought today to have  
 The loyalty which is in you.  
 One is illcovered who is uncovered behind.  
 And I will tell you the manner:  
 She lets herself be girded behind,  
 As the mantle intimates."  
 640 Ydier knows not anyway 640  
 What to do or say.  
 She took the mantle in anger,  
 And threw it before the king.  
 Then Kay took her by the hand,  
 And led her with the others.  
 "In faith," said he, "this assembly  
 Will soon be, if God please, great and fair.  
 There will not remain a damsel  
 But will come in this company;  
 650 Therefore it would be great want of man- 650  
 If one mocked the other."  
 What shall I say further?  
 One after another put it on,  
 And their lovers looked on.  
 It never fitted one of them;

Et Kex toutes voies les prist ;  
 Si comme il lor vit messéoir,  
 Si les mena en renc séoir.  
 A la cort n'ot nul chevalier  
 Qui drue i eüst ne moillier,  
 Qui molt n'eüst le cuer dolent.  
 Qui véist lor contenelement,  
 Com li uns l'autre regardoit,  
 Mès auques les reconfortoit  
 Ce que li uns ne pooit mie  
 Dire de l'autre vilonie,  
 Que il méismes n'i partist.  
 Et Kex li seneschans a dit :  
 "Seignor, ne vous coronceiez pas,  
 Igaument sont parti li gas,  
 Quant chascune en porte son fès ;  
 Bien doivent estre desormès  
 Par nous chieries et amées,  
 Quar bien se sont hui acuitées.  
 Ce nous doit molt reconforter,  
 Li uns ne puet l'autre gaber."  
 Mesires Gavains respondi :  
 "Ici a mauves geu parti,  
 Je ne sai le meillor eslire,  
 Que la meillor en est la pire,  
 Et ce seroit anuiz et tort  
 Se nostre anui estoit confort.  
 Ainçois nous en doit toz peser  
 Li uns ne doit l'autre gaber."  
 Kex li dist : "Ce n'i a mestier ;  
 J'ai oï dire en reprovier,  
 Grant piece a, que duel de noient  
 Seut acorer chetive gent.  
 Mandehes ait qui ce juga  
 Et qui jà le créantera,  
 Que jà chevaliers soit honi  
 Se s'amie fet autre ami ;  
 Ainz le devons bien contredire  
 Que doions estre de ce pire.  
 Se de mauvestie est prouvée,  
 S'il l'avoit .ix. foiz espousée,  
 Si seroit-ce faus jugement  
 Que il empiast de noient ;  
 Que li doit nuire autrui meffet ?  
 Sor celui soit qui l'autre fet."  
 Ce dist Plators, li filz Arès,  
 "Cis congeus est assez mauves."  
 "Certes," ce dist li seneschans,  
 "Veritez est qu'il font mains maus ;  
 Bien sachiez que maint chevalier  
 Est de cest meffet parçonniier,  
 Et molt en a aillors que ci."  
 Li vallès dist : "Sire, merci ;  
 Biaus sire chiers, ce que sera,  
 Je cuit que il m'en covendra  
 Mon mantel arriere porter.  
 Fetes par ces chambres garder,  
 Que n'en i ait nule mucie.  
 Jà est vostre cort tant proisie  
 Et par tout le mont renommée,  
 J'ai oï dire en ma contrée  
 C'onques n'i vint de nule part  
 Adventure, ne tost ne tart  
 Qui s'en alast en tel maniere.  
 Hontes ert se s'en vait arriere,  
 Vostre cort en sera blasmée ;

And Kay always took them ;  
 As he saw it did not fit them,  
 He led them to sit in the rank.  
 There was not a knight in the court,  
 Who had mistress or wife there,  
 Who had not much grief at heart.  
 Who had seen their behaviour,  
 How one looked at the other ;  
 But it always consoled them  
 That one could not  
 Say reproach to the other,  
 In which he did not share himself.  
 And Kay the steward said :  
 "Lords, do not be angered ;  
 The jokes are equally shared,  
 When each lady bears her burden ;  
 They ought well henceforth to be  
 Cherished and loved by us,  
 For they have well acquitted them today.  
 This ought much to console us,  
 One cannot mock the other."  
 Milord Gawain replied :  
 "Here is a bad game for all,  
 I cannot choose the best part,  
 For the best is the worst,  
 And it would be grief and wrong  
 If our grief were comfort.  
 Thus we ought all to bear it ;  
 One must not mock the other."  
 Kay said to him : "There is no need ;  
 I have heard say in proverb,  
 Long ago, that grief for nothing  
 Can kill wretched people.  
 Cursed be he who judged that,  
 And whoever will believe it,  
 That ever a knight is shamed  
 Because his mistress has another lover ;  
 Therefore we ought to deny  
 That we should be the worse for this.  
 If she be convicted of naughtiness,  
 Though he had married her nine times,  
 It would be false judgment  
 To think him any worse for it ;  
 Why should another's offence injure him ?  
 Be it upon the offender."  
 Said Plator, the son of Ares,  
 "This counsel is bad enough."  
 "Truly," replied the steward,  
 "It is a fact that they do less hurt ;  
 You know well that many a knight  
 Is sharer in this misdeed ;  
 And there are many elsewhere."  
 The valet said : "Sire, thanks ;  
 Fair and dear sir, whatever may happen,  
 I think that I shall be obliged  
 To carry back my mantle.  
 Cause the chambers to be visited,  
 That there be no one concealed there.  
 Your court is so much praised  
 And renowned through all the world,  
 I have heard say in my country [where  
 That there never came there from any-  
 Adventure, early or late,  
 Which went away in such manner.  
 It will be a shame if it go back ;  
 Your court will be blamed for it ;



S'en ira en mainte contrée  
 La novele, qui par tout cort.  
 Et sachiez que en vostre cort  
 En vendront aventures maine."  
 "Par mon chief," ce a dit Gavains,  
 "De ce dit a li vallès voir ;  
 Fetes par ces chambres savoir,  
 Que n'i ait petite, ne grant,  
 Qui orendoit ne viegne avant."  
 Li rois commande c'on i aut ;  
 Et Girflès i ala le sant,  
 Dès que li rois le commanda.  
 Une damoisele i trova,  
 Mès ele n'estoit pas mucie,  
 Ains estoit uns poi deshaitie ;  
 Si se séoit seule en son lit.  
 Et Girflès maintenant li dist :  
 "Levez tost sus, bele pucele,  
 Quar une aventure novele  
 Est en cele sale venue.  
 Onques tele ne fu véue ;  
 Si la vous covient à véoir.  
 Vostre part en devez avoir,  
 Quant toutes les autres en ont."  
 La damoisele li respont :  
 "G'irai volentiers orendroit,  
 Mès lessiez-moi vestir à droit."  
 Galeta s'estoit affublée,  
 Vestue s'est et atornée  
 Au miex et au plus bel que pot,  
 De la meilleur robe qu'ele ot ;  
 Puis est en la sale venue.  
 Et quant ses amis l'a véue,  
 Sachiez que il fu molt iriez.  
 Devant estoit joianz et liez  
 De ce que n'i avoit esté ;  
 Que s'il fust à sa volenté  
 Ele ne l'affublast jà nul jor.  
 Quar il l'amoit tant par amor,  
 Que s'ele eüst de rien mespris  
 Il vousist miex estre à Paris,  
 Quar il en perdist son solaz.  
 Ses noms ert Carados Briebraz.  
 Or voit tantost le damoisele  
 Qui ot aporté le mantel,  
 Et se li a dit et conté  
 Du mantel toute la verté,  
 Et por quoi il l'i aporta.  
 Et Carados grant duel en a ;  
 Oiant toz dist : "Ma douce amie,  
 Por Dieu ne l'affublez vous mie  
 Se vous vous doutez de noient ;  
 Quar je vous aim tant bonement  
 Que je ne voudroie savoir  
 Vostre meffet por nul avoir :  
 Miex en vueil estre en doutance ;  
 Por tout le roiaume de France  
 N'en voudroie-je estre cert ;  
 Quar qui sa bone amie pert,  
 Molt a perdu, ce m'est avis.  
 Miex voudroie estre mors que vis  
 Que vous fussiez orainz assise  
 Où l'amie Gavain est mise."  
 Lors parla Kex li seneschaus :  
 "Et cil qui pert sa desloians,  
 Dont ne doit-il estre molt liez ?

And in many a country will go  
 The news, which travels everywhere.  
 And know that in your court  
 Will come fewer adventures."

"By my head!" said Gawain,  
 "The valet has said right in this.  
 Cause to be known in the chambers  
 That there be neither little nor big,  
 But she come now forwards."

The king commands it to be done ;  
 And Girflot starts to do it  
 As soon as the king commanded.  
 He found there a damsel ;  
 But she was not concealed,  
 But only a little sad,  
 And was sitting alone on her bed.  
 And Girflot said to her forthwith :  
 "Rise quickly, fair maiden,"

For a new adventure  
 Is come into the hall.  
 Such an one was never seen ;  
 So you must see it.  
 You must have your share,  
 As all the others have had."  
 The damsel replied :  
 "I will go willingly this moment ;  
 But let me dress fittingly."

Galeta put on her things,  
 She is dressed and adorned  
 The best and most handsomely she could,  
 With the best robe she had ;  
 And then she came into the hall.

And when her lover saw her,  
 Know that he was much vexed.  
 Before he was joyful and glad  
 That she had not been there ;  
 And if he had his will,  
 She would never have put it on.

For he loved her so much,  
 That if she had done wrong in anything,  
 He would rather have been at Paris,  
 For he would lose all his joy.

His name was Caradoc Briebraz.  
 Then comes quick the youth  
 Who had brought the mantle,  
 And told and related to her  
 The whole truth of the mantle,  
 And why he had brought it there.

And Caradoc had great sorrow ; love, 770  
 In the hearing of all he said : "My sweet  
 For God's sake put it not on  
 If you have any fear ;  
 For I love you so affectionately  
 That I would not know

Your misdeed for anything :  
 I would rather be in doubt ;  
 For all the kingdom of France  
 I would not be assured of it ;  
 For who loses his good love  
 Has sustained great loss, I think.  
 I would rather be dead than alive  
 To see you now seated

Where Gawain's mistress is placed."  
 Then spoke Kay the steward :  
 "And he who loses his dialoyal one,  
 Ought he not to be very glad ?



Vous seres ja molt corouciez,  
 Se vous l'amez tant bonement.  
 Vez en là escoir plus de cent  
 Qui se cuidoient hui matin  
 Plus esmerées que or fin;  
 Or les poés toutes véoir  
 Por lor meffez en renc escoir."  
 Cele, qui point ne s'esbahi,  
 Molt doucement li respondi:  
 "Sire," fet-ele, "bien savon  
 Que il meschiet à maint preudon,  
 Ne je ne m'os mie vanter  
 Que les doie toutes passer  
 De léauté, ne de valor;  
 Mès se il plect à mon seignor,  
 Je l'affublerai volentiers."  
 "Par mon chief!" dist li chevaliers,  
 "Vous n'en pœz par el passer."  
 Encor ne l'vout ele affubler  
 Tant que ele en ait le congie  
 De celui que molt a proisie.  
 Molt à enois li a doné.  
 Ele l'a pris et affublé;  
 Maintenant voiant les barons  
 Ne li fu trop cort, ne trop lons;  
 Tout à point li avint à terre.  
 "Ceste fesoit molt bien à querre,"  
 Fet li vallès, "ce m'est avis.  
 Damoisele, li vostre amis  
 Doit estre molt joianz et liez.  
 Une chose de voir sachiez:  
 Je l'ai par maintes cors porté,  
 Et plus de mil l'ont afublé;  
 Onques mès ne vi en ma vie  
 Sanz meffet ne sanz vilonie  
 Nule fors vous tant seulement.  
 Je vous otroi le garnement,  
 Qui bien vaut plain uns val d'avoir,  
 Et vous le devez bien avoir."  
 La damoisele l'en mercie.  
 Li rois bonement li otrie,  
 Et dist que siens est par reson.  
 N'i a chevalier, ne baron,  
 Ne damoisele que l' desdie;  
 Et s'en ont-il molt grant envie  
 Qu'el l'enporte, lor iex voiant,  
 Mès n'en osent fere samblant.  
 N'i a chevalier, ne baron,  
 Qui en ost dire se bien non;\*  
 Quant nule n'i trove achoison  
 Dont ele ost dire par raison.  
 Lors si dist messire Gauvain:  
 "Bele," fait-il, "je prain en vain  
 Que vous n'en devez guerredon  
 Se à vostre loiauté non.  
 Cil qui vostre loiauté voient,  
 Lo vos créantent et otroient;  
 Volantiers lo contredéissent,  
 Se eles lor droit i véissent  
 Que vos ne l' déussiez avoir.  
 A escient pœz savoir  
 Que li plus en sont moult dolant."  
 Li damoisiaux lo congí prant,

You will soon be much angered,  
 If you love her so affectionately. [790  
 See there sitting more than a hundred  
 Who believed themselves this morning  
 More refined than pure gold;  
 Now you may see them all  
 Sitting in a row for their misdeeds."  
 She, who was not abashed,  
 Very gently replied to him:  
 "Sir," said she, "we know well  
 That it mishaps to many a man of worth;  
 And I dare not by any means vaunt  
 That I ought to pass them all 800  
 In loyalty or worth;  
 But if it please my lord,  
 I will willingly put it on."  
 "By my head!" said the knight,  
 "You cannot do otherwise."  
 Still she would not put it on  
 Till she had the leave  
 Of him whom she had much prized.  
 He gave it very unwillingly.  
 She has taken and put it on; 810  
 Then in sight of the barons  
 It was neither too short nor too long,  
 But fitted exactly to the ground.  
 "It was well done to fetch her,"  
 Said the valet. "I think.  
 Damsel, your lover  
 Ought to be very joyful and glad.  
 Know one thing for truth:  
 I have carried it to many courts, 820  
 And more than a thousand have put it on;  
 But I have never once seen in my life,  
 Without mishap and disgrace,  
 Any one do it except you.  
 I give you the garment,  
 Which is well worth a valley full of wealth,  
 And you deserve well to have it."  
 The damsel thanked him for it.  
 The king gives it to her graciously,  
 And said it was hers by right.  
 There was neither knight nor baron 830  
 Nor damsel who contradicted it;  
 Yet they have great jealousy  
 Of her gaining it in their sight,  
 Though they did not dare to shew it.  
 There is neither knight nor baron  
 Who dares disapprove it;  
 When no lady finds in it cause  
 Wherefore she dare complain.  
 Then said my lord Gawain:  
 "Fair one," says he, "I assert  
 That you owe the reward of it  
 Only to your loyalty.  
 Those who see your loyalty,  
 Trust and give it to you;  
 They would willingly refuse,  
 If they saw their right  
 That you ought not to have it.  
 You may know evidently  
 That most of them are much grieved at it."  
 The valet takes his leave,

\* The conclusion, from line 837, which is omitted in MS. No. 7218, is here added from the Berne MS., where the poem is most complete.

Onques n'i volt plus demorer,  
 Ainz se hasta por lo disner,  
 Ne vout en nule guise atandre,  
 Car à sa dame voloit randre  
 Son mesaige delivrement.  
 Et li rois et tote sa gent  
 Asist maintenant au mangier.  
 Sachiez que maint bon chevalier  
 I sist plain de coroz et d'ire.  
 De l' mangier ne vos voil plus dire,  
 Fors que moult bien furent servi.  
 Et qant li mangiers fu feni,  
 Caradox si a congré pris,  
 Si s'an ala en son pais,  
 Læz et joieus, o tot s'amie.  
 En Gales, en une abaie  
 Mistrent estoier lo mantel,  
 Qu'i or est trovez de novel;  
 Et si set-l'an très bien qui l'a,  
 Et qui partot lo portera  
 As dames et as damoiseles.  
 Seignor, dites lor tex nouveles,  
 Qui par tot lo fera porter,  
 Si lo covandra afubler.  
 Por noiant me travailleroie,  
 Se je cest present lor faisoie,  
 El m'en arroient mais toz dis;  
 Si m'an porroit estre de pis,  
 Se les requeroie de rien.  
 Por ce me covient dire bien,  
 Por mon besaing, non por l'onor;  
 Et si n'i aurai fors enor.  
 Or nos gart toz cil de laissus,  
 Car de cest conte n'i a plus.

He would not remain there any longer.  
 But he hastened for the dinner,  
 He would in no wise wait,  
 For he wished to deliver to his lady  
 His message quickly.  
 And the king and all his people  
 Now sits down to eat.  
 Know that many a good knight  
 Sits there full of vexation and anger.  
 I will tell you no more of the meal,  
 Except that they were very well served.  
 And when the dinner was ended,  
 Caradoc took his leave,  
 And departed to his country,  
 Glad and joyful, with his mistress.  
 In Wales, in an abbey  
 They deposited the mantle,  
 Which now is lately found there;  
 And it is well known who has it,  
 And who will carry it everywhere  
 To ladies and damsels.  
 Lords, tell them this news,  
 Who anywhere will cause it to be brought,  
 Must try it on.  
 I should labour in vain,  
 If I made them this present,  
 They would hate me ever after;  
 And so it might be the worse for me,  
 If I sought any favour of them.  
 Hence I must speak well,  
 For my need, not for the honour;  
 And yet I shall have from it not much  
 Now may He above protect us, [honour.  
 For there is no more of this tale.

*Ci fenit Cort Mantel.*

## II.

### THE ENGLISH BALLADS OF THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

In the third day of May,  
 To Carleile did come  
 A kind courteous child,  
 That cold much of wisdom.

A kirtle and a mantle  
 This child had upon,  
 With brouches and ringes  
 Full richelye bedone.

He had a sute of silke  
 About his middle drawne;  
 Without he cold of curtesye  
 He thought itt much shame.

"God speed the, king Arthur,  
 Sitting at thy meate;  
 And the goodly queene Guenever,  
 I cannott her forgett.

In Carleile dwelt king Arthur,  
 A prince of passing might,  
 And there maintain'd his table round,  
 Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas  
 Whit mirth and princely cheare,  
 When, lo! a strange and cunning boy  
 Before him did appeare.

A kirtle and a mantle  
 This boy had him upon,  
 Whit brooches, ringes, and owches,  
 Full daintily bedone.

He had a sarke of silk  
 About his middle meet;  
 And thus, with seemly curtesy,  
 He did king Arthur greet.

I tell you, lords in this hall,  
I hett you all to heede;  
Except you be the more surer,  
Is for you to dread."

20

He plucked out of his poterner,  
And longer wold not dwell,  
He pulled forth a pretty mantle  
Betwene two nut-shells.

"Have thou here, king Arthur,  
Have thou heere of mee;  
Give itt to thy comely queene,  
Shapen as itt is al readye.

Itt shall never become that wiffe  
That hath once done amisse;" 30  
Then every knight in the kings court  
Began to care for his.

Forth came dame Guenever,  
To the mantle shee her hied;  
The ladye shee was newfangle,  
But yett shee was affrayd.

When shee had taken the mantle,  
She stooode as shee had beene madd;  
It was from the top to the toe  
As sheeres had itt shread. 40

One while was it gaule,  
Another while was itt greene,  
Another while was it wadded;  
Ill itt did her beseme.

Another while was it blacke,  
And bore the worst hue.  
"By my troth," quoth king Arthur,  
"I thinke thou be not true."

Shee threw downe the mantle  
That bright was of blee; 50  
Fast, with a rudd redd,  
To her chamber can shee flee.

She curst the weaver and the walker  
That clothe that had wrought;  
And bade a vengeance on his crowne  
That hither hath itt brought.

"I had rather be in a wood,  
Under a greene tree,  
Then in king Arthurs court  
Shamed for to bee." 60

Kay called forth his ladye,  
And bade her come neere;  
Sais, "Madam, and thou be guiltye,  
I pray thee hold thee there."

Forth came his ladye  
Shortlye and anon;  
Boldlye to the mantle  
Then is shee gone.

When she had tane the mantle,  
And cast it her about; 70  
Then was shee bare  
All above her tout.

"God speed thee, brave king Arthur,  
Thus feasting in thy bowre;  
And Guenever thy goodly queen,  
That fair and peerlesse flowre." 20

Ye gallant lords and lordings,  
I wish you all take heed,  
Lest what ye deem a blooming rose  
Should prove a cankered weed."

Then straitway from his bosome,  
A little wand he drew;  
And with it eke a mantle  
Of wondrous shape and hew.

"Now have thow here, king Arthur,  
Have this here of mee, 30  
And give unto thy comely queen,  
All shapen as you see.

No wife it shall become,  
That once hath been to blame."  
Then every knight in Arthurs court  
Slye glaunced at his dame.

And first came lady Guenever,  
The mantle she must trye.  
This dame she was newfangled,  
And of a roving eye. 40

When she had tane the mantle,  
And all was with it cladde,  
From top to toe it shiver'd down,  
As tho with sheers beshradde.

One while it was too long,  
Another while too short,  
And wrinkled on her shoulders  
In most unseemly sort.

Now green, now red it seemed,  
Then all of sable hue. 50  
"Beshrew me," quoth king Arthur,  
"I think thou beest not true."

Down she threw the mantle,  
Ne longer would not stay,  
But, storming like a fury,  
To her chamber flung away.

She curst the whorson weaver  
That had the mantle wrought,  
And doubly curst the froward impe  
Who thither had it brought. 60

"I had rather live in desarts,  
Beneath the greenwood tree,  
Than here, base king, among thy grooms,  
The sport of them and thee."

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady,  
And bade her to come near;  
"Yet, dame, if thou be guilty,  
I pray the now forbear."

This lady, pertly gigling,  
With forward step came on, 70  
And boldly to the little boy  
With fearless face is gone. 31

Then every knight  
That was in the kings court  
Talked, laughed, and showed,  
Full oft att that sport.

Shee threw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee;  
Fast with a red rudd,  
To her chamber can shee flee.

Forth came an old knight  
Pattering ore a creede,  
And he proffered to this litle boy  
Twenty markes to his meede;

And all the time of the Christmasse  
Willinglye to ffeede;  
For why this mantle might  
Doe his wiffe some need.

When she had tane the mantle  
Of cloth that was made,  
Shee had no more left on her  
But a tassell and a threed.  
Then every knight in the kings court  
Bade evill might shee speed.

Shee threw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee;  
And fast, with a redd rudd,  
To her chamber can shee flee.

Craddocke called forth his ladye,  
And bade her come in;  
Saith, "Winne this mantle, ladye,  
With a litle dinne.

Winne this mantle, ladye,  
And it shal be thine,  
If thou never did amisse  
Since thou wast mine."

Forth came Craddockes ladye  
Shortlye and anon;  
But boldlye to the mantle  
Then is shee gone.

When she had tane the mantle  
And cast it her about,  
Upp att her great toe  
It began to crinkle and crowt.  
Shee said, "Bowe downe, mantle,  
And shame me not for nought.

Once I did amisse,  
I tell you certainlye,  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
Under a greene tree;  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
Before he married me."

When shee had her shreeven,  
And her sines shee had tolde,  
The mantle stodee about her  
Right as shee wold;

Seemelye of coulour,  
Glittering like gold.

When she had tane the mantle,  
With purpose for to wear,  
It shrunk up to her shoulder,  
And left her backside bare.

Then every merry knight  
That was in Arthurs court  
Gib'd, and laught, and flouted,  
To see that pleasant sport.

Downe she threw the mantle,  
No longer bold or gay,  
But with a face all pale and wan,  
To her chamber alunk away.

Then forth came an old knight,  
A pattering o'er his creed,  
And proffer'd to the litle boy  
Five nobles to his meed.

"And all the time of Christmass  
Plumb-porridge shall be thine,  
If thou wilt let my ladye fair  
Within the mantle shine."

A saint his lady seemed,  
With step demure and slow,  
And gravely to the mantle  
Whit mincing pace doth goe.

When she the same had taken,  
That was so fine and thin,  
It shrivell'd all about her,  
And show'd her dainty skin.

Ah! little did her mincing  
Or his long prayers bestead!  
Shee had no more hung on her  
Than a tassell and a threed.

Down she threwe the mantle,  
With terror and dismay,  
And, with a face of scarlet,  
To her chamber hyed away.

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,  
And bade her to come neare:  
"Come, win this mantle, lady,  
And do me credit here.

Come, win this mantle, lady,  
For now it shall be thine,  
If thou hast never done amiss  
Sith first I made the mine."

The lady, gently blushing,  
With modest grace came on,  
And now to trye the wondrous charm  
Courageously is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,  
And put it on her backe,  
About the hem it seemed  
To wrinkle and to cracke.

"Lye still," shee cried "O mantle!  
And shame me not for nought,  
I'll freely own whate'er amiss  
Or blameful I have wrought.

Then every knight in Arthurs court  
Did her behold.

130

Then spake dame Guenever  
To Arthour our king,  
"She hath tane yonder mantle,  
Not with right, but with wronge.

See you not yonder woman  
That maketh her self soe cleane?  
I have seene tane out of her bedd  
Of men fiveteene;

Priests, clarkes, and wedded men  
From her bydeene:  
Yett shee taketh the mantle,  
And maketh herself cleane."

140

Then spake the litle boy  
That kept the mantle in hold,  
Sayes, "King, chasten thy wiffe,  
Of her wordes shee is to bold.

Shee is a bitch, and a witch,  
And a whore bold.

King, in thine owne hall,  
Thou art a cuckold."

150

The litle boy stode  
Looking out a dore;  
[And there as he was lookinge  
He was ware of a wyld bore.]

He was ware of a wyld bore,  
Wold have werryed a man;  
He pulld forth a wood-kniffe,  
Fast thither that he ran;  
He brought in the bores head,  
And quitted him like a man.

160

He brought in the bores head,  
And was wonderous bold;  
And said there was never a cuckolds kniffe  
Carve itt that cold.

Some rubbed their knives  
Upon a whetstone;  
Some threw them under the table,  
And said they had none.

King Arthour and the child  
Stood looking upon them;  
All their knives edges  
Turned backe againe.

170

Craddocke had a litle knive  
Of iron and of steele,  
He birtled the bores head  
Wonerous weele,  
That every knight in the kings court  
Had a morseell.

The litle boy had a horne  
Of red gold that ronge,  
He said, "there was noe cuckolds  
Shall drinke of my horne;  
But he shold it sheede,  
Either behind or beforene."

180

Once I kist sir Craddocke  
Beneathe the green-wood tree;  
Once I kist sir Craddockes mouth  
Before he married mee."

130

When thus she had her shriven,  
And her worst fault had told,  
The mantle soon became her  
Right comely as it shold.

Most rich and fair of colour,  
Like gold it glittering shone;  
And much the knights in Arthurs court  
Admir'd her every one.

140

Then towards king Arthurs table  
The boy he turn'd his eye,  
Where stood a boars head garnished  
With bayes and rosemarye.

When thrice he o'er the boars head  
His litle wand had drawne, [knife  
Quoth he "There's never a cuckolds  
Can carve this head of browne."

Then some their whittles rubbed  
On whetstone and on hone;  
Some throwe them under the table,  
And swore that thay had none.

150

Sir Craddock had a litle knive  
Of steel and iron made,  
And in an instant thro' the skull  
He thrust the shining blade.

He thrust the shining blade  
Full easily and fast;  
And every knight in Arthurs court  
A morsel had to taste.

160

The boy brought forth a horne,  
All golden was the rim:  
Saith he, "No cuckolde ever can  
Set mouth unto the brim;

No cuckolde can this litle horne  
Lift fairly to his head,  
But or on this or that side  
He shall the liquor shed."

Some shed it on their shoulder,  
Some shed it on their thigh;  
And hee that could not hit his mouth,  
Was sure to hit his eye.

170

Thus he that was a cuckold  
Was known of every man.  
But Craddock lifted easily,  
And wan the golden can.

Thus boars head, horn, and mantle  
Were this fair couples meed;  
And all such constant lovers  
God send them well to speed.

180

Then down in rage came Guenever,  
And thus could spiteful say,  
"Sir Craddockes wife most wrongfully  
Hath borne the prize away.

Some shedd on their shoulder,  
And some on their knee;  
He that cold not hitt his mouthes,  
Put it in his eye:  
And he that was a cuckold  
Every man might him see.

Craddocke wan the horne  
And the bores head;  
His ladie wan the mantle  
Unto her meede.  
Everye such a lovely ladye  
God send her well to speede.

See yonder shameless woman  
That makes herselfe so cleane;  
Yet from her pillow taken  
Thrice five gallants have been.

Priests, clerkes, and wedded men  
Have her lewd pillow preest; 190  
Yet she the wonderous prize, forsooth,  
Must beare from all the rest."

Then bespake the little boy,  
Who had the same in hold,—  
"Chastize thy wife, king Arthur,  
Of speech she is too bold:

Of speech she is too bold,  
Of carriage all too free;  
Sir king, she hath within thy hall  
A cuckold made of thee. 200

All frolick, light, and wanton  
She hath her carriage borne,  
And given thee for a kingly crowne  
To wear a cuckolds horne."

## III.

## THE WELSH TRIADS.

1.  
Tri diweirferch Ynys Pryd. Treul  
Difefyl fereh Llyngesawl Llawbael;  
Gwenfaddon[al. Gwenfroun] fereh Tutwal  
Tutclud; a Thegen Eurfron.\*  
*Second Series, No. 54; Third, No. 103.*

2.  
Tair rhiaïn ardderchawg llys Arthur:  
Dyfyf Walld eureid; Enit verch Iniw  
iarll; a Thegen Eurfron.  
*Second Series, No. 78.*

1.  
The three chaste damsels of the Isle  
of Britain. Trail the Spotless, daughter  
of Lungessoc the generous handed;  
Gwenvron (literally white breasted),  
daughter of Tydwal† of Clydesdale; and  
Tegay the golden breasted.

2.  
The three exalted ladies of Arthur's  
court: Duv-ir,‡ the golden haired; Enid,§  
daughter of Earl Inewl; and Tegay, the  
golden breasted.

\* There is nothing further known of the two first named damsels. Lungessoc is probably the person named in the *Liber Landavensis* as a witness to a deed in the time of bishop Oudoceus. He is named in the life of Saint Cadoc, as Ligessoc the long-handed, son of Eliman, and said to have been "a certain brave general of the Britons." He slew three soldiers of Arthur, the most illustrious king of Britain, and took refuge with Saint Cadoc. Arthur pursued him; the case was submitted to the arbitration of Saints David, Tello, and Oudoceus; and they decreed that Arthur should have one hundred cows for each person slain. But the king, being in a contentious spirit, demanded they should all be of two colours, the fore part red and the hind part white. No such cows being at hand, Saint Cadoc performed a miracle, and caused the cattle to be of these colours; but the cows, after having been formally delivered, turned to bundles of ferns in the hands of the captors. Arthur, seeing this miracle, entreated Cadoc to pardon him. Pardon was granted, and the miracle is still commemorated in the name of Rhedynog, or the Town of Ferns, in Monmouthshire.

† Tydwal was king of Strathclyde, and father of Rhydderch Hael, or Roderick the generous, who fought the battle of Airdrie, near Glasgow, in A.D. 574, when Christianity triumphed over Druidism, and Merlin "insanus effectus est."

‡ Duv-ir is not otherwise known.

§ Enid is the heroine of the Welsh romance of Geraint ab Erbin, and the subject of Tennyson's first Idyll.

3.  
Tair gwenriain llys Arthur.  
*Third Series, No. 108.*

3.  
The three beautiful ladies of Arthur's court. The same names as in the preceding Triad.

## IV.

## THE GAELIC POEM.

Iaa zaane deach Finn di zoill in nalwe  
is ner ymmit sloyg  
Sessir bann is sessir far Iyn zhil is anneir  
ucht zaal  
Finn fayn is Dermoit gin on keilt is  
ossain is oskir  
Conan meithl gom maal er myg agus  
nnan nin vi leith sen  
Mygin is ban einn bi zane is annir ucht  
zall mi wan feyn  
Gormlay aolli is dow rosg neaof is neyn  
enneiss  
Nor a zoyf meska no nnan tugsiddir in  
gussi raa  
Naoh royf er in doythin teg sessir ban in  
goyth inrylk  
A dowirt an nynnilt gyn on is Tulych  
carnich in doythin  
Ga maath sowse is ymmith ban nach  
drynn fes ach re in ar  
Gerrid er ve zawe mir sen tanik in van  
dar rochtin

'Twas on a day Finn went to drink  
In Alve, with his people few;  
Six women and six men were there,  
The women fair, with whitest skin.  
Finn was there and guileless Diarmid,  
Caoilte and Ossian too, and Oscar,  
Conan the bald, slow in the field,  
With the wives of these six men;  
Maighinis the wife of dauntless Finn,  
The fair-bosomed maid, my own dear wife,  
Fair skin Gormlay, of blackest eye,  
Naoif, and the daughter of Angus.  
When drunkenness had the women seized,  
They had a talk among themselves:  
They said that throughout all the earth  
No six women were so chaste.  
Then said the maiden without guile,  
"The world is a many-sided heap;  
Though pure are ye, they are not few  
Women quite as chaste as you."  
They had been a short time thus,  
When they saw a maid approach,

Tegen, sounded Tegay, was the daughter of Nudd or Needh the generous, one of "the thirteen kings" of North Britain in the sixth century. Nudd was one of several northern chiefs who paid a hostile visit to North Wales about A.D. 550; and his son Drywon was one of the allies of Rhydderch Hael in 574.

Caradoc Vreichvras, or the brawny-armed, is commonly said, on the authority of Geoffrey of Monmouth, to have been a duke of Cornwall and a contemporary of king Arthur. Some of the older Triads follow him in this respect, and attribute to Arthur a triplet, in which he says—

My three battle knights  
Are Mened, Lul the loricated,  
And Caradoc the pillar of Cambria.

Hence the king has been called one of "the three Cambrian poetasters."

Properly, however, Caradoc was, according to Welsh story, regulus of Radnorshire, and lived at the close of the sixth and beginning of the seventh century. He was one of the "threescore three hundred warriors" who fought and fell at Cattraeth (Catterick) in A.D. 603, and is thus commemorated by the bard Aneurin, who was himself in the battle:

Pan gryssyei Garadawe y gat  
Mal baed coet trychwn trychyat  
Tarw bedin en trin gormynyat  
Ef Uiithyei wydgnw oe anghat  
Ys vyn tyst Ewein vab Eulat  
A Gwryen a Gwynn a Gwryat  
O Gatraeth o gymynat  
O vrynn Hydwn kynn caffat  
Gweddy mead gloew ar anghat  
Ni weles Wryen ei dat.—Verse xxxi.

When Caradoc rushed to battle, [land boar.  
The gash of the hewer was like that of the wood.  
He was the bull of battle, in the conficting  
He allured wild dogs with his hand. [fight;  
My witnesses are Owen the son of Eylad,  
Gwrien, Gwyn, and Gwryat  
From Cattraeth, from the confict,  
From Heddon hill before it was taken,  
After clear mead in the grasp,  
Gwryen did not see his father.

Hence we may conclude he was slain A.D. 603.



Bin wrata wmpa gin alda agus e na iyn  
 naygh  
 Tanik neyn a wrata inn an vaenissa  
 v'kowie  
 Banichis din re gin non agis swis na  
 arrygh  
 Feafryth finn skail zyi din neyn lwchr  
 lawzill  
 A wan a wrat gin alda keid a rad ow is  
 tein naygh  
 As giss dym wrat gin alda ban ann ac na  
 ennaygh  
 Nocht chay naygh dein fame wrat ach  
 ben in ir gyn ralocht  
 Tawir ym brat dym wreith feyn do ter  
 conane mor gyn chaele  
 Go westmist im brear mir a twg na  
 mnawe wo chanew  
 Gawis ben chonnane ym brat is curris  
 wmpa la nachta  
 Gom bea sen an loyth locht dar lek rys  
 wle a gall ocht  
 Mir a chomik connan meil ym brat yr  
 caseyth fa teyf  
 Tawris in chreissyth gin neaf agis mar-  
 veis in neyn  
 Gavis ben dermoit a zeil ym brat wo  
 wrei chonnau meil  
 Noch char farr a wassi zyi cassi ym brat  
 fa keiyf  
 Gawis ben oskyr na zey ym brad coo  
 adda coyre ra  
 Ga loyvir skayth a wrat inn noch char  
 ally a hymlyn  
 Gawis myghinis ga aal ym brad is di  
 churri fa cann  
 Di chass is di chwar mir sen ym brat gi  
 loa fa clossew  
 Tawir ym brata er m'raa dym wnessi is  
 ne cwss clae  
 Go vestmist in ness gon non tres elli da  
 hymlit dewe  
 Di warynsi brair riss agis ne brair  
 eggiss  
 Nach darnis di weiss ri far ach dol dutsi  
 in neiss lenew  
 Nochtis ben vek ree a teef curris umpi  
 ym brat fer chei.....  
 A sayth eddir chass is lawe na gi ley er a  
 lwdygnane  
 Ane phoik doaris in braed o wak o zwyne  
 darmit  
 Di reissi ym brad owm laar mor wea see  
 na hynnirrane  
 Tawrew mi wrat doyf a wnaas is me nein  
 in derg zrana  
 Noch cha dernis di locht acht fess ri finn  
 fyvir noch  
 Ber mo wallych is ymith woygin se der  
 m'kowie gin boy  
 A dagis fa mhaalych er mnawe na tyr  
 huggin ane lay.

Lay.

Her covering a single seamless robe,  
 Of spotless white from end to end;  
 The maiden of the pure white robe  
 Drew near to where MacCumhail sat.  
 She blessed the king of guileless heart,  
 And close beside him there sat down.  
 Finn asks her to give them her tale,  
 The handsome maid of whitest hand:  
 "Maid of the seamless robe, I ask,  
 What virtue's in thy spotless veil?"  
 "My seamless robe has this strange power,  
 That women, such as are not chaste,  
 Can in its folds no shelter find,—  
 None but the spotless wife it shields."  
 "Give my wife the robe at once,"  
 Said the bulky, senseless Conan,  
 "That we may learn what is the truth  
 Of what the women just have said."  
 Then Conan's wife does take the robe,  
 And in vexation pulls it on;  
 'Twas truly pity it was done,  
 Her fair-skinned breast was all exposed.  
 Then when the bald-pate Conan saw  
 How that the robe shrank into folds,  
 He seized in passion his sharp spear,  
 And with it did the woman slay.  
 Then the loved Diarmid's wife  
 The robe from Conan's wife did take  
 No better did she fare than she,  
 About her locks it elung in folds.  
 Then Oscar's wife seized on the robe,  
 Which looked so long and softly smooth;  
 But wide and large as were its wings,  
 The robe her middle did not reach.  
 Then fair Maighinis took the robe,  
 And put it also o'er her head;  
 The robe there creased and folded up,  
 And gathered fast about her ears.  
 "Give my wife the robe," said Mac Rea,  
 "For the result I have no fear,  
 That we may see, without deceit,  
 Of her merit further proof."  
 "I would pass my word for it,  
 Though I claim not to be learned,  
 That never have I once transgressed,  
 I've been faithful aye to thee."  
 Mac Rea's wife now showed her side,  
 The robe was then put o'er her head;  
 Her body was covered, feet and hands,  
 None of it all was left exposed.  
 Her bosom then one kiss received  
 From Mac O'Duine, from Diarmid;  
 The robe from her he then unfolds,  
 From her who thus did stand alone.  
 "Women, give me now my robe,  
 I am the daughter of Deirg the fierce,  
 I have done nought to cause me shame,  
 I only erred with sharp-armed Finn."  
 "Bear thou my curse, and quick away,"  
 These were then the words of MacCumhail.  
 On women he denounced a curse,  
 Because of her who came that day.  
 'Twas on a day.



ON

## SOME NAMES OF PLACES IN SCILLY.

*(Read at Truro, 29th August, 1862.)*

As some of our body propose to pay a visit to the Scilly Islands before the Celtic gathering breaks up, I have thought it might not be uninteresting to occupy a little time with a few notes on the meaning of the Celtic local names still current in the isles, so far as my acquaintance with the old Cornish tongue would enable me to do so. I was accidentally led to consider these names by a remark of Borlase, that there were very few British names on the islands; and this he attributed to the influx of Englishmen in the sixteenth century, who found it, he says, "easier to call the lands after the names of the occupiers, than to retain the more uncouth, and, to the vulgar, insignificant old names." Now, on looking at the Great Admiralty Chart of Scilly, published in 1792, I saw that the British local names, instead of being few, constituted in fact one half at least of all those current in the islands. Intending to visit Scilly, I made out a list of these "uncouth names," as Borlase calls them, compared them with names of places in Wales and Cornwall, and amused myself with trying to find out their meaning; the paper in my hand contains the result of my attempts. Most of these names will, in all probability, have been given in accordance with the natural features of the country, and it would therefore have been, perhaps, more prudent to keep back my paper until I had seen the islands; but this, under the circumstances, was impracticable. The paper may be corrected hereafter, or notes added, if it be thought worth while:<sup>1</sup> in the meantime, should any gentleman present be acquainted with the islands,

<sup>1</sup> I have found a week at Scilly far too short to enable me to correct my paper. It would require a much longer residence to get a detailed knowledge of the natural features of the islands, and I can only supply a few remarks. (September 12.)

I shall be obliged to him for any remarks as I go on. Owing to the scantiness of the existing remains of Cornish, I am often—indeed, generally—compelled to have recourse to Welsh and Armoric for an etymology; and as I know little more of these languages than what is found in dictionaries, I will ask my Welsh friends, or any Bretons who may be present, to set me right when they find me tripping.

I would here observe, once for all, that I have no confidence in any etymology unless it be obvious, and, in the case of names of places, locally applicable, such as Bridgewater, Newcastle, Portsmouth, etc., in English names; or Chyandour, Pednvounder, Kynance, Peninis, etc., in Cornish. There are few towns in Britain of whose names several plausible origins may not be invented, and Cornwall has had its share of such: as examples we may mention Redruth, explained in guide-books and in works of greater pretension as the "Druids' town," the "red ford," the "house on the river's bed"; Marazion is made the "bitter Zion," the "Thursday market," the "Jews' market." The handsome town in which our Association has been so hospitably received is "the town of three streets," the "castle on the water," the "town on the road": a better explanation, perhaps, is the "town on the slope," from *trev* and *rhiw*, corresponding with the Welsh Trevriw, the name of a village on the Conwy similarly situated. A bold etymologist might suggest Trerhew, "frosty town"; but such a derivation would be at once rejected by all who know the position of the town or the character of its inhabitants.

Having said so much, it will be understood that I propose my etymologies as suited to amuse half an hour's leisure, rather than as offering a scientific contribution to the objects of the Association.

I begin with the name of the whole group. It has been generally said that Scilly is derived from *syilly*, a conger-eel (Drama O. 136), because conger-eels abound on the islands; or from the Cornish *scyllly*, "to separate," because the islands are separated from Cornwall.

Now in regard to the first etymology, conger-eels are not peculiar to Scilly; and as to the second, it may be observed that islands generally are separated from some mainland or other, and the word would therefore be hardly distinctive enough for a proper name: moreover, I have not found in the remains of old Cornish such a meaning to this verb, though such is given in the vocabulary published by Pryce. But I do find such a verb, written *skoly* and *skuly*, in the dramas, meaning "to scatter," as in D. 341, where our Saviour is represented as scattering the merchandise in the Temple; and in D. 260, where the Jewish children scatter flowers under His feet. I think this likely to be the true derivation. *Sel*, "a distant view," might be suggested. The people on the mainland may have given the name before the islands were inhabited. I have also seen the improbable suggestion, *sul-léh*, "sun-rock,"—meaning rocks consecrated to the sun. It would be desirable to know the ancient pronunciation of the word. If one could shew this to be *skilly*, it would be decisive in favour of the "scattered isles." I should be glad if such were the case, and that it could be restored, as it would have spared us frequent undesirable repetitions of a not very brilliant pun.<sup>1</sup>

Two only of the inhabited islands have Celtic names, Trescow and Bryher. Trescow will, of course, be divided into *tre* and *scow*. *Tre* is generally understood to mean "a town." It might seem singular to give this name of town to an island; but the word should really mean any abode, "a home." It is often so used in the ancient dramas,—as, for instance, where one of the actors, at the close of each piece, exhorts the spectators to go

<sup>1</sup> My friend, Mr. Pedler, of Liskeard, has recently communicated to me the extract from Snorro, printed at Copenhagen in 1786, relative to the baptism of Olaf in Scilly A.D. 993. Snorro spells the name Syllingar. I think, too, that the word is not found with *c* in the oldest Latin authors who have mentioned the islands. I see Sillinæ, Sorlingæ, Silures, without *c*; and I am told that such is the case in ancient charters also. I fear, therefore, that I must surrender my "Scattered Isles." (Sept. 12.)

home. I think I hear the word "town" so applied in Cornwall; and it is certainly so used in the south of Scotland. All readers of Scott will remember Dandie Dinmont's homestead, which he calls 'the town,' "as was usual," Scott remarks, "in the language of the country." As to the second syllable, we find the old Cornish *scovva* in the Drama, O. 1717, where Caleb says to Moses in the wilderness, "*ny a yl gul scovva*," "we may make a shelter," which was to serve until a mansion should be built. *Trescow* will thus be "a sheltering home." I hope to ascertain, in a few days, whether or not the name be applicable.<sup>1</sup>

*Bryher* may be rendered "long hill" by a change of the vowels; which, however, must be somewhat forced, as an old variant form is *Brehar*. Another variation is *Bryer*, which might mean "eagle's hill." *Er* is found in the old Drama, O. 133. I do not know how far either name will suit the place.<sup>2</sup>

The chief town on the islands is called Hugh. *A-hugh*, in old Cornish, means "high," or, rather, "above." It occurs several times in the old dramas, as "*a-hugh y ben*," "above his head," D. 2794; and "*a-hugh an gweyth*," "high above the trees," O. 37. The same word is found without the initial *h* in the ancient poem of Mount Calvary,—"*a-ugh eglos*," "over a church" (13, 4); and at l. 46 of the more recent Drama of the Creation. This last may be the real form, as found in Welsh and Armoric; but the Germanic *hoch* and our English *high* may be allied. Hugh Town is certainly not so called from its own situation, but from the lofty promontory contiguous to it, which no doubt was called "The Hugh" before the town existed. Borlase's suggestion of *hue*, "colour," or the French *huer*, "to call out," is not admissible; though his conclusion that the

<sup>1</sup> The name is quite applicable. I learn from Mr. Augustus Smith that the island is called *Iniscaw* ("the island of elders") in an old charter, and the people of the islands certainly say *Trescow*; but I adhere to my first view. There is a *Trescow* not far from Marazion in Cornwall. (September 12.)

<sup>2</sup> Long Hill will suit the island "indifferently well." (Sept. 12.)

word means "a high piece of land running off into the water," is true without the limitation. Probably the name of the well-known Hoe in Plymouth may have the same origin with Hugh; and even the terminal *hoe* in the names of several lofty villages in North Devon, such as Morte-hoe, Trentishoe, Martinhoe, may be allied.

Every one has heard of the famous Cornish triad, *tre*, *pol*, and *pen*. I have already mentioned *tre*, but have not quite done with it. Tremelethen is the name of a farm in St. Mary's; but I cannot explain *melethen*. Tre-vallies, a rock near Trescow, may be a corruption of *trev als*, "house of the cliff," but it seems an unlikely name. Two farms in St. Mary's are called Terengores. *Cors* is Welsh for a bog or marsh, and being a feminine word, would, with the Cornish article, become *angors* or *engors*: we should thus have Trengors, the "marshy dwelling." Trenemene comes under another heading.

I find no instance of *pol* in Scilly, but *pen* is frequent. Pen-innis, the bold and striking headland at the southern point of St. Mary's, is the "head of the island." Pen-brose, one of the smaller islands, is the "big head." *Brás* frequently occurs in the old dramas; and Lhwyl tells us that the *a* in this word was pronounced, in his day, as in the English words "fall," "wall," etc. Woodley gives very nearly the correct meaning; but he ludicrously derives the name from the corrupt Cornish *pedn brauze*; as though a man should derive the Latin *corpus* from the English *corpse*.—Pendrathen, a bay in St. Mary's, is the "head of the sand-bank." *Trathen* is Welsh, and *dreath* is found in the vocabularies; a Cornish friend tells me that the word is still in use among the miners.—Penaskin Bay, in St. Agnes, may have been named from some contiguous land covered with reeds; as *heschen* is found, in the ancient vocabulary, explained *canna vel arundo*; or it may have been so called from the borrowed word *ascen* or *asken*, "an ascent," which occurs in the old dramas.—Pentle is found in Trescow. If pronounced as in English, I have no notion of its meaning; if *pent-le*, it would signify the "end of the place," as *pen lle* at

Mousehole, and near Mount Edgecumb, and elsewhere; or perhaps from *penlech*, the "head of the stone." It can hardly be the "lesser headland," as given in Pryce's dictionary.<sup>1</sup>

Two names would seem to imply that the insertion of *d* before *n*, which disfigures such names as Landewednack, Bospidnick, Boskednam, etc., and which is found in documents above two hundred years old, had crept into Scilly before the language became entirely English. One of these is in Pednathias, among the Western Rocks; the other, Pidney Brow, in St. Agnes. I do not know that this singular corruption extends further; and even these may not have the origin here suggested.<sup>2</sup>

Several names begin with *per* or *por*. No Cornish word seems applicable here, nor do I know any Welsh or Breton equivalent; but I find that some of the names now written with *per* had formerly *porth*. Perkill, in St. Agnes, is written Porthkillier by Troutbeck; Permellin, in St. Mary's, is made Porthmellyn by Borlase. Troutbeck wrote Porthcressa, and Borlase, Porthcras-sou, where we find Porcrasa; and so of some other names: consequently *per* is equivalent to *porth*, "a cove"; and I think this occurs occasionally on the mainland also.

Perkill, in St. Agnes, may signify a "hidden cove," from the root, *kil*, "to conceal." The word is found in O. 170,—"*Adam, ny yl vos kelys*": "Adam, it cannot be concealed." I believe there is a Porthkellis in Cornwall.—Perconger is half English.—Permellin is either the "mill-port" or the "yellow port," from the colour of

<sup>1</sup> I find it is pronounced as written in English; but this may be a recent corruption, as it is clearly the case with many names of places in Cornwall. (Sept. 12.)

<sup>2</sup> There is a bold rock near Bryher called Maiden Bower. I had supposed that it might be so shaped as to suggest the name; but I cannot see anything like it. The corruption mentioned in the text has converted Stones (*men*) to Maidens in several places in Cornwall; and it is not unlikely that we have in Maiden Bower the old Cornish *men vor*, "great stone." (Sept. 12.)

the sand there.—Pormorran may be the “woman’s port,” from the word *moran* (allied to the Welsh *morwyn*), which is applied in the Drama, R. 1044, to Mary Magdalen. But perhaps the Welsh *moran*, “a whale,” may afford a more probable etymology.—Pernagie, in St. Martin’s, is doubtful. *Ag*, in Welsh, is a “cleft” or “opening”; and from this we have *agenu*, “to cleave or crack,” and *agenog*, “full of cracks.” The word may signify a “broken port.”—Perpitch, in St. Martin’s, I cannot explain.—Priglis Bay, in St. Agnes, has been read *per eglis*, the “church port.” Troutbeck writes the name Pericles, copying Woodley, who seems to suppose the word to be Greek, and indicative of the early trade of the islands. He says it was also called Porth Nicholas. Mr. Pedler suggests, with some hesitation, *Perek les*, “wide sand-bank.” As there is a church very near this bay, the first-mentioned observation would seem to be the best.—Porthloo, in St. Mary’s, will be the “port of the pond.” Loo is the name of a remarkable pool near Helston; and the word is still used in Brittany, written *louc’h*. I suppose it is the Latin *lacus*, written *lough* and *loch* in Ireland and Scotland. In Welsh, *llwch* is “dust.” May the meaning be a “dusty port”? We may possibly decide on seeing the place.<sup>1</sup>

*Men*, “a stone,” is found written *man* and *min* also. Tolman, a not uncommon name in Cornwall and Brittany, is found in St. Mary’s. The little isle called Menewethen, south-east of St. Martin’s, would be the “rock of the tree.” Perhaps there was a tree upon it at some former period. The island Crebawethen has the same termination.—Menawore, the “great stone,” said to be one of the most picturesque objects in Scilly, is naturally enough changed by our seamen to “Man-of-war.”<sup>2</sup> Troutbeck calls this rock Menanouth, which

<sup>1</sup> I landed there from a boat, but saw nothing indicative either of a pond or of dust. (Sept. 12.)

<sup>2</sup> Menawore, Menewethen, Crebawethen, Trenemene, Carnifriers, Carniwether, all having a vowel between their component parts, may be compared with a curious set of names found in and south of Exmoor.



must be a typographical error, though it occurs twice.—Mincarlo, a small islet west of Samson, may have been named from *carlon*, a “marten”; but this is mere guess-work.<sup>1</sup>—Minalto, the name of two islands near Samson, is more probably derived from *alt*, a “cliff.” The word had already taken the form *als* when the Cornish vocabulary in the British Museum was compiled, at least five or six centuries ago; so that it may boast of great antiquity, if my conjecture be correct. A similar change took place subsequently in all Cornish and many Armorican words; such as *dans*, “a tooth”; *mols*, “a sheep”; *argans*, “silver”; *tas*, “father”:—instead of *dant*, *mollt*, *ariant*, *tat*, retained in Welsh. Where a vowel preceded *t*, the *t* was retained in the old twelfth century vocabulary, as in *bit*, “world”; *buit*, “food”; *davat*, “sheep”; *guit*, “blood,” etc.; which had become *bys*, *bous*, *daves*, *goys*, in the dramas of three centuries after.—Minmanueth, west of Annet, I would derive from a word meaning “scrub” or “brushwood”; in Welsh, *manwydd*. We have also Menfleming and Menpengrin, the latter word probably a corruption of *pilgrim* or *peregrin*, “a stranger.”

*Vear* and *Vean*, “great” and “small,” mutations of *mear* and *bean*, occur in the little islands of Rosevear and Rosevean, situated south-west of the inhabited group. The names imply “great rose” and “little rose”; but the import of *rose* is uncertain. Pryce gives, absurdly,

We find here, within a very few miles, fifty or sixty names with the vowel *a* in the position mentioned, *e. g.*, Westacot, Uppacot, Narracot, Punchaton, Garraton, Heckapin, Padaland, Langamead, within two or three miles of Winkleigh; Langabear, Dornafor, Beckamoor, near Hatherleigh; Cadaford, Clannaborough, Swanacombe, Chibbason, near Bow; Lovaton, Blagadon, Faggaton, near Okehampton. These are taken from a cursory inspection of a country map, out of a much larger number. I believe that the names of places throughout England may be found to run in classes in a similar way, and that they may point to the distribution of the Germanic tribes, who dispossessed their Celtic predecessors of the homes which they may have seized in like manner centuries before. (Sept. 12.)

<sup>1</sup> I heard this rock called *Mount Carlo* by the peasantry,—a striking instance of the facility with which a word of unknown value is exchanged for another of like sound, if the new word be in any degree applicable. (Sept. 12.)

"mountain" and "valley." The Welsh *rhos* is "moorland," and the Armoric *ros* is defined by Légonidec as "ground covered with heath and fern." Perhaps these islets may be, or have been, so covered. The fact that *vear* and *vean* are in the changed form, and that *rhos* is feminine, may corroborate the suggestion. *Vear* occurs also in Holvear, on St. Mary's. If *hol* be not the English word, I know not the value of the compound; but I expect to find a large hollow there.

Besides Rosevear we have, in St. Agnes, Castle Bean and Cove Bean, "little castle" and "little cove." In the dramas the word is written *vyhen* (O. 1433) and *vyan* (O. 2305). I believe this to be the etymology of the Scottish *wean*, "a child," and *wee*, "small." It is known from the names of places in Scotland, such as Ecclesfechan, Abernethy, Troon, Aberdour, and the like, that a language akin to Cornish and Welsh must have been current in the south at least; and I cannot assent to the connection suggested by Diefenbach between *wee* and the German *wenig*, "little," or Gothic *vainans*, "miserable." I am also persuaded that we have these words in *Tamar* and *Tavy*, the "great Tam" and the "little Tam." Some such word as *tam* or *tav* must have signified "river" in a British tongue. See, among other names of rivers, Taff, Teivy, Towy, in Wales; Tay in Scotland; and Thames in England,—*Tamesis*, the "lower Tam."

*Innis*, "island," is found in Peninnis, mentioned above, and in *Innisvoul*s, near the *Mouls* rock, among the Eastern Isles; also in *Innisvrank*, the "French island." We have *Inasidgen*, in St. Mary's, called by Troutbeck *Inazigan*; and the doubtful *Inaswiggick*, or *Illiswiggick*, south-west of Bryher; but these may have no connection with *innis*.

There are several "Carns,"—a Celtic word which is almost naturalized in English. *Carnkimbra*, in Gugh, is the "Welshman's carn."—*Carn Irishman* in Annet, and *Carn Thomas* and *Carnifriars* in St. Mary's, require no translation.—*Carn Morval*, in St. Mary's, may be "whale carn." *Morval* would readily be corrupted

from *morvil*, which is found in the ancient vocabulary. Carnadnes, in St. Agnes, if not a corruption of Carn Agnes, may denote a carn set up for a "warning" or for "protection"; my Welsh dictionary explains *adnes* by "guardian" and "notice."—Carnethen, near Gorregan, will be "bird carn": *ethen*, "a bird," occurs frequently in the old drama.—Carniwethers is the name of a place on St. Martin's; but I do not know the value of *wethers*, which is found also in Helwethers, a rock south of Annet Island.

Creeb, a rocky islet close to the north-west shore of St. Mary's, is a "crest" or "comb"; in Welsh, *crib*. An island of twenty acres, near Rosevear, is called Crebawethen. The meaning of this is probably a "crest covered with trees," as in Menewethen. I cannot suggest any meaning of Crebinack, a rock near the Bishop's Lighthouse; unless the termination, *inack*, *inick*, etc., be adjectival, as I suspect it is in several of the proper names of Cornwall.

Biggal is a name affixed to no less than six different rocks, which are all in the immediate neighbourhood of shoals or low islets. One of these Biggals lies south-west of Mincarlo; another west of Scilly, a little island which is supposed to give a name to the whole group; a third is east of Menewethen, a fourth near the Great Arthur, a fifth south of Meledgan, and the last south of Wras, near the Hugh. Now as all these rocks lie in similar situations, and have the same name, it seems highly probable that one idea suggested that name; and I can find no other word in any way corresponding with the circumstances, than *bygel*, "a shepherd," which is found in the ancient vocabulary and in the dramas written *bugal*, while the recent orthography was *bygel*, as given by Lhwyd. A word of the same meaning (*bugail*) is so pronounced in Welsh. The Biggal then, standing as a defence between the shoals, or islets, and the deep sea, is likened to the shepherd, the guardian of his flock. If this conjecture be rightly founded, we may give credit to the old Scillonians for some imaginative powers.

Our English marine nomenclature has hardly advanced beyond Hen and Chickens, Cow and Calf, or Sow and Pigs; but the Shepherd with his flock is at least a more pleasing image.

Camber, or Kimber, "a Welshman," has been already mentioned. It constitutes a part of Camberdeney, which may signify "Welsh fortress," from *din*: likewise of Camberdril Point in St. Agnes, and Camberdown, a small rock close to Gorregan.

There is a Lizard Point in Trescow as well as in Cornwall. It implies a "gate" or "passage"; in Welsh, *lidiart*, or *lidiard*. The Welsh *d* or *dd* occasionally becomes *z* in Cornish and Armoric; as in *Lezou*, "Brittany," in Welsh *Llydaw*: *bleiz*, a "wolf," in Welsh, *blaid*.

I have but a few more names to inflict on the patience of the meeting. Trenemene, an island south of Gorregan, I would make Tren men, a "headland of rock." *Tren* is found in the ancient Cornish vocabulary, and is allied to the Welsh *trwyn*, "a nose" or "headland."—Carrickstarne, a rock near Peninnis, is a "saddle-rock"; *careg* and *ystarn* are both common Welsh words.—Halangy, in St. Martin's, is "house of salt," from *halan* and *chy*.—Callimay Point, in St. Agnes, may be the Breton Kalamaé, a festival held on the 1st of May. It has not been unusual to name headlands and islands from festivals,—see Ascension, Christmas, and Easter islands; the name would hardly have been given from the Cornish *calamingi*, "quietness," which I find in Pryce's dictionary, and there only.—Damasinnas, the name of a shoal south of St. Martin's, is a word of no very obvious meaning, and is certainly not English. I would hazard the following conjecture: *dam* is a Welsh prefix signifying "around, about"; *synn* means "to observe." According to the Cornish practice, before mentioned, of inserting a vowel between the parts of a name, *damasinna* might signify "look about" or "look out"; the Spanish and Portuguese actually call such hidden dangers *abreojos* and *abrolhos* in the respective languages, meaning "open your eyes." Now as English seamen frequently give to

hidden rocks a plural appellation, such as the Rennies near Looe, the Sisters near Tintagell, the Moulds not far from the same place, and many others, they might call the above mentioned rocks *Damasinnas*. This is a round-about etymology; but if such a Welsh compound as *damasynu* be admissible, it does not seem objectionable.

I add a few names of which I can make nothing. Ganilly, Ganinick, Nornour, Cadedno, Hanjague, among the eastern islands; Gorregan, Melledgan, Retarrier, Santasperry,<sup>1</sup> on the west. Gugh, east of St. Agnes; Teän, west of St. Martin's; Helwethers and Buccabu, south of Annet; Wras in Porcrasa; Tolsooth near St. Agnes; Guthers, south of St. Martin's; Thongyore near Teän.

Before concluding I would observe that a competent Celtic scholar with ample leisure might find, in the thousand names remaining in Cornwall, a means of recovering some ancient forms of the language not preserved in the oldest manuscripts, and thus might perhaps aid in the study of the inscribed stones which have been discovered in the territories of the old Gauls.

E. NORRIS.

### THE LOST CHURCH IN THE SANDS OF GWITHIAN IN CORNWALL.

THE ancient British church discovered about thirty-five years since in the sands of Gwithian, on the north-west coast of West Cornwall, is probably coeval with that found in the sands of Perranzabuloe, on the north-east coast of West Cornwall; which latter I visited in Sept. 1835, soon after its discovery; and the then present condition of it, as well as its description given by Wm. Michell, Esq., in the Cornish newspapers, imme-

<sup>1</sup> The suggestion of Mr. Pedler, that this name is a corruption of Saint Esprit, is undoubtedly correct. Some French vessel so called may have been wrecked here, which would have induced the application of her name to this shoal.

diately before I saw it, I have recorded in the *Literary Gazette*.

Had Gwithian been within the Land's End district, I should have noticed its ancient church in my lately published work on that district.

It stands three or four furlongs from the sea, in the eastern part of St. Ives' Bay, and about the same distance northward of the present church, near the eastern side of the road leading to Godrevy, and close to a small tributary stream running parallel with the road.

Its roofless walls were, up to the time of their discovery, completely buried beneath the turf-clad sand; and this tumulus had nothing externally to distinguish it from the hundred other green mounds in its neighbourhood. The walls may still be seen, although externally the sand is level with their tops. They are very rudely built, without cement or plaster, and consist of small unhewn stones of slate, quartz, and sandstone,—all very abundant in that neighbourhood. The two or three old beams resting on them are, I grieve to say, the remains of a roof placed thereon many years since, when the building was used for a cattle-shed, by the farmer who owns it.

The chancel and nave, lying east and west, are very distinguishable from each other,—the former being narrower than the latter. The length of the building externally is fifty-three feet, nineteen of which are occupied by the chancel. The breadth of the chancel externally is sixteen feet; that of the nave, nineteen. The height of the walls from the ground, on the inside, varies from six to eight feet. The doorway is in the middle of the south wall of the nave; and midway between it and the chancel-pier was apparently the place of a window. There are vestiges also of a small doorway, now built up with stone, in the northern end of the eastern wall. The dilapidated stone altar, and the stone seats all round the chancel, are now covered with sand about a foot deep.

The farmer who discovered this ruin found several skeletons near it, as he stated to the Rev. Frederick Hockin, the rector of the adjoining parish of Phillack,

whose church is the mother church of that of Gwithian. Mr. Hockin, to whom I am indebted for the above description, saw it a few years after its discovery, when less dilapidated than at present.

There is a great similarity between the two old churches of St. Gwithian and St. Piran in the sands. Both were found without roofs, the worshippers having, in all probability, carefully removed their consecrated materials in order to use them again for sacred edifices less exposed to the drifting sands. Both were completely covered with calcareous sand, the Gwithian church having also a covering of turf,—the two coverings being striking emblems of death and resurrection. Both had cemeteries adjoining them. Each had an altar within, and a small rivulet or overflowing well close by it, testifying to the two sacraments; whilst the chancel and nave, distinguishable from one another, yet forming one church, represented the clergy and laity performing different offices as different members of the one body. The relative positions of the priests' door and the door of the congregation are the same in each church: in the Gwithian church, however, the stone seats are along the walls of the chancel only; in the other church they are also around the walls of the nave. The Gwithian altar, too, is against the middle of the eastern wall, whilst the Perran altar is midway between the priest's door and the south end of the eastern wall.

As Mr. Trelawney considers the Perranzabuloe British church, and would, no doubt, also have considered the Gwithian British church, "to have been built in the sixth century," although I am disposed to assign them a much earlier date, I may remark in conclusion, that to that century I have referred the monument found in 1843, three miles from the latter church, at Hayle, a creek of St. Ives' Bay. This monument, with its inscription, is represented in the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1857, and my work already referred to.

R. EDMONDS.

2, Portland-terrace, Plymouth,  
18 August, 1862.



GRANT FROM RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,  
TO REGINALD VAGHAN.—10 EDW. IV.

RICARDUS Dux Gloucestræ Constabularius & Admirallus Anglie, Omnibus ad quos presentes litere pervenerint, Salutem. Nos, pro bono & fideli servitio dilecti nobis Reginald ap Sir Gruff. Vaghan Armigeri impenso & impendendo, dedisse et concessisse eidem Reginaldo, quandam annuitatem quatuor marcorum, annuatim percipiendam, de exitibus & proficuis dominii mei de Chyrk & Chyrkysland, per manus receptoris nostri ibidem pro tempore existentis, ad festa pasche & Sancti Michaelis Archangeli, equalibus porcionibus. In cuius rei testimonium has literas nostras fieri fecimus patentes, quam diu nobis placuerit duraturas. Datum sub signato nostro, apud castrum de Hornby, vicesimo sexto die marcii, anno regni Regis Edwardi quarti post conquestum Anglie, decimo.

*From Hengwrt MS., 213.*

This manuscript contains a very interesting collection of transcripts and forms of deeds, mostly relating to places in Oxfordshire and in the Hundred of Bromfield and Yale and Chirkland. They are in a hand of the reigns of Henry VII and VIII; and a great number of them appear to have been written by an *Edward ap Rys*, who describes himself as auditor of Powis and clerk of the court of Bromfield and Yale. Unfortunately he has omitted to insert the dates of many of the deeds, ending them by an "&c." In the Hengwrt Collection is a folio volume relating to Bromfield and Yale, in the same hand.

The foregoing grant is interesting as shewing that Richard, Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III), held the lordship of Chirk,—a circumstance not mentioned by Pennant or any of our Welsh historians. It is also interesting in another view, as shewing that the statement of historians as to the time of the birth of Richard III is incorrect. It is said that he was born on the 2nd of October, 1452; if so, he could not have been of age when the above grant was made.

W. W. E. W.

Peniarth, Nov. 24, 1862.

PEDIGREE OF OSBORN WYDDDEL,  
ETC.

"It has been said that the three noblest names in Europe are—the De Veres of England, the Fitzgeralds of Ireland, and the Montmorencys of France." (See *Quarterly Review* for April 1860, p. 335.) Of these families, the first is extinct, the second yet occupies its former high position, as we believe does the third, in France.

It is known to those who take an interest in Welsh history and genealogy, that a branch of the noble sept of the Geraldines, or Fitzgeralds,—Osborn, surnamed "Wyddel", (the Irishman),—settled in Merionethshire in the thirteenth century, and was founder of some of the most distinguished families in that county. Of these, the powerful houses of Vaughan of Cors-y-gedol and Wynne of Ynys-y-maen-gwyn are extinct; the Wynnes of Peniarth and Maes-y-neuadd continue to flourish.<sup>1</sup>

Some of the members of the Geraldine line settled in Wales, have been distinguished for their literary acquirements. Of these, Cadwalader Wynne, rector of Llanenddwyn, who died in 1684, translated from Latin into English a work, very scarce in its English form, entitled *An Antidote against Sorrow*, published in 1650. A more eminent literary member of this house was the well known "Bardd Cwsg," the Rev. Ellis Wynne, rector of Llanfair-juxta-Harlech, who died in 1734; and since his time lived his relation, William Wynne, rector of Llangynhafal, a distinguished Welsh poet of the last century. Amongst the warriors of the house we may mention the celebrated David ap Ievan ap Einion, Constable of Harlech Castle during the Wars of the

<sup>1</sup> We may add that the Rev. J. Wynne, Vicar of Llandrillo, in Merionethshire, is lineally descended from Osborn.

Roses, who is so honourably referred to in the *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*. (See *Life of Lord Herbert*, pp. 7, 8; Strawberry Hill edition; and Pennant's *Tour*, vol. ii, p. 131; edition, 1784, 4to.; also *Hist. of Gwedir Family*, 8vo. edition, p. 76.)

The following pedigree has been compiled, with some care, from letters of the late Sir William Betham, Ulster-King-at-Arms, and other authorities, writers of the best credit on the Geraldine history.

It may be added that it is extremely probable that Osborn Wyddel was much concerned in the building of the very interesting and beautiful church of Llanaber, near Barmouth.

Dec. 1862.

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#### PEDIGREE,

Shewing how Osborn, styled by the Welsh heralds "Wyddel" (the Irishman), was connected with the Geraldines of Desmond, if the belief of the late Sir William Betham, Ulster-King-at-Arms, after a search among his voluminous Geraldine papers, was correct, that Osborn was a son of John Fitz Thomas Fitz Gerald de Windsor, the first Lord of Decies and Desmond. It is, indeed, improbable that he was a son of any other Geraldine of Desmond. He could not have been son of an earlier one, and it is very unlikely that he was of a later. Some generations have been added to the pedigree to shew the period at which the more immediate descendants of Osborn lived.

"Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines! how royally ye reigned  
O'er Desmond broad and rich Kildare, and English arts disdained:  
Your sword made knights, your banner waved, free was your bugle-call,  
By Glyn's green slopes and Dingle's tide, from Barrow's banks to Youghal.  
What gorgeous shrines, what Brehon lore, what minstrel feasts there were  
In and around Maynooth's<sup>1</sup> strong keep and palace-filled Adare!  
But not for rite or feast ye stayed when friend or kin were pressed;  
And foeman fled when 'Crom a boo'<sup>2</sup> bespoke your lance in rest."

THOMAS DAVIS.

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<sup>1</sup> Maynooth was one of the strongholds of the Kildare branch of the Geraldines.

<sup>2</sup> "Crom a boo" was the war-cry of the Kildare, "Shanet a boo" of the Desmond line of this sept.

## PEDIGREE OF OSBORN WYDEL.

GERALD FITZ WALTER DE WINDSOR, = Nesta, daughter of Rys ap Tudor, Prince  
Constable of the Castle of Pembroke, of S. Wales; living 1108.  
living in 1108. (See Powell's *Hist. of Wales*, p. 163; edition of 1884.)

1, William, ancestor to the Lords Gerard and Marquises of Lansdown. = 2, Maurice Fitz Gerald, accompanied Riehd. Strongbow, Earl of Strigul, to Ireland in 1168; died in 1177; buried in the Abbey of Grey Friars at Wexford. = Alice, dau. of Arnulph, 4th son of Roger de Montgomery. = David, Bishop of St. David's from 14. Jan., 1147, to about May, 1176. = Angharad, wife of William de Barry, by whom she was mother of the celebrated Giraldus de Barry, styled Cambrensis.

1, Gerald Fitz Maurice, Lord Justiciary of Ireland, ancestor to the Dukes of Leinster, married Catherine, dau. of Hamo de Valois, and died in 1206. = Thomas Fitz Maurice, surnamed "the Great," a grantee from King John of an estate of ten knights' fees; died in or before 1215. = Elinor, dau. of Jordan de Marisco, or Montmorency, niece to her sister-in-law's husband. = Alexander. = Maurice. = Nesta, wife of Hervy de Montmorency, Constable of Ireland.

John Fitz Thomas, wardship and marriage of him granted, 17 King John, to Thomas Fitz Anthony, the king's seneschal of Leinster; of full age in 1229; grantee of Decies and Desmond in 1250; slain at Callan, 1260; founder of the Abbey of Tralee. = 1, Margery, dau. and sole heir of Thomas Fitz Anthony, Lord of Decies and Desmond. = 2, Honora, daughter of Phelim O'Connor, Kerry.

Joan, dau. of John Lord Cogan. = Maurice Fitz John, second Lord of Decies and Desmond, slain with his father in 1360. = Osborn,\* surnamed by the Welsh heralds "Wydel" (the Irishman), settled in Wales in the 13th century; assessed in the parish of Llanaber, co. of Merioneth, towards the tax of a fifteenth in 1294. = Gilbert, ancestor of the White Knight. = John, ancestor of the Knight of Glyn. = Maurice, ancestor of the Knight of Kerry.

Thomas Fitz Maurice, called "Nap-paga," or the ape, third Lord of Decies and Desmond; by tradition only nine months old when his father was slain.† = Margaret, daughter of Walter de Burgo, son of Walter Earl of Ulster. = Mr. Vaughan, the eminent genealogist and antiquary of Hen-gwrt, in a MS. written in 1654, observes of Osborn, that he "was a noble man's son of Desmond, in Ireland, of ye famous family of the Geraldines." The arms, as they have been borne by his lineal descendants, so long as there are examples of them extant, are precisely the same as those of the house of Desmond. The crest, too, is exactly similar to that of the sixth Earl of Desmond, with these slight exceptions; in the one the bear is *argent*, in the other *ermine*, in the one it is charged with a fret, in the other fretty. The crescent for difference, as borne by Osborn's descendants, would imply that he was a second son, but it is not known how long it has been used. It is so found in a MS. written by the well-known Welsh herald and genealogist, Griffith Hiraethog, between the years 1555 and 1562 inclusive.‡

Maurice Fitz Thomas, fourth Lord of Decies and Desmond, created Earl of Desmond and Lord of the Palatine Regalities of the county of Kerry, by patent dated 27 August, 1329.

Einion ap Osborn. = Kenrio ap Osborn. = Griffith ap Adda, of Dolgoch in the parish of Towyn, and of Ynys-y-maen-gwyn; a collector of the 15th in 1294; Raglot-Governor of the Comote of Estimanager, 3 and 7 Edw. III.; living 17 Edw. III. His tomb is extant in Towyn church.

Llewelyn ap Kenrio = Nest, daughter and coheirress.  
= Einion ap Kenrio.

Sir Foulk Cholmondeley = Jonet of the co. of Chester, Knt.

1, Griffith ap Llewelyn, farmer of the office = Eva, one of the daughters of Sheriff of Merioneth, 46 Edw. III.; Sheriff of Madoc ap Ellis, of Cryniarth, one of the barons of Estimanager at some period between 7 July 1382, and 12 Oct. 1385; died probably between 29 Sept., 20 Richard II, and same day, 1 Hen. IV. = 2, Iorwerth. = 1, Angharad. = 3, Einion. = 2, Jonet.

Einion ap Griffith ap Llewelyn, § Woodwarden of the Comote of Estimanager, at one time, between 7 July, 1382, and 12 Oct. 1385; captain of forty archers for the king, from the co. of Merioneth, 10 Richard II.; living at Michaelmas, 20 Richard II.; married Tanglwyst, dau. of Rydderch ap Ievan Lloyd, of Gogerthan, co. Cardigan, "then and yet the greatest familie in the county."|| From Einion and his wife, above named, the Wynnes of Penarth, &c., are lineally descended.

Angharad, wife of David ap Grono, of Burton in Denbighshire; they and their two daughters, Eva and Angharad, were living 7 Oct. 4 Hen. VI.

*Notes to pedigree on previous page.*

\* Sir W. Betham did not think that he had the same strong grounds for his opinion that Osborn was a son of the first marriage, as for believing that he was a son of John Fitz Thomas; but he thought it more probable that he was so.

† The tradition is, that Thomas Fitz Maurice was only nine months old when his father and grandfather were slain at the battle of Callan. The child was at Tralee, and on his attendants rushing out alarmed at the intelligence, he was left alone in the cradle, when a tame baboon or ape took him up in his arms, and ran with him to the top of the tower of the neighbouring abbey. After carrying him round the battlement, and exhibiting him to the frightened spectators, he brought the infant back to its cradle in safety. Thomas was, in consequence, surnamed "Appagh" (in Irish), "Simiacus", or "The Ape."—*The Earls of Kildare*, p. 21.

‡ We find from Gutyn Owen, a herald of the fifteenth century, one of the most eminent of our Welsh heralds, that Osborn accompanied from Ireland to Wales, Griffith, one of the sons of Ednyved Vaughan, minister to Prince Llewelyn; he being obliged to leave his country for a time, on account of some scandal regarding Llewelyn's princess and him, having emigrated to Ireland.

§ "The offspring or posterity of these bretheren" (the sons of Einion) "did so multiply, yt from yt time they are called *Tylwyth Enion*, yt is ye progenie of Enion."—Manuscript in the autograph of the antiquary, Robert Vaughan, written in 1664. *Wyth enaid Tylwyth Einion*, eight souls of the sept of Einion; a poem of the fifteenth century.

|| *History of the Gwydir Family*. By Sir John Wynn, Bart., who died in 1697.

## BRUT Y SAESON.

TRANSLATION BY THE LATE REV. H. PARRY OF LLANASA.

WE publish the following translation of a portion of the *Brut y Saeson*, which has been kindly placed at our disposal by T. Duffus Hardy, Esq., Deputy Keeper of the Rolls. It was made by the late Rev. H. Parry of Llanasa, at the request of the Record Commissioners, and seems to have been originally intended to appear in the *Monumenta Historica*. Prefixed to it is a letter from Mr. Parry to the late Mr. Petrie of the Record Office.

MY DEAR SIR,—With your curious copy of the *Chronicon Wallie*, etc., I send a close English version of the *Welsh Annals*, as far as they go together. Before the year 681, we have nothing but Nennius and Geoffrey of Monmouth. It will immediately appear, that the Chronicle was written originally in Latin, the proper names being so misspelt, that without the assistance of the Welsh copy, it is not always easy to make them out. Had the Latin copy been a version from the Welsh, the original names would have been retained, and probably with Latin terminations.

The Pedigrees, though curious, are very common in Wales, and their authenticity never called in question. They form the foundation of the pedigrees of most of our gentry.

When I was a child, my father, who understood no language but the Welsh, often entertained me with wonderful accounts

of places, similar to those contained in the *Mirabilia*: many of them were interwoven with a romance called the *Grey Cow of Montgomery*; which always took up an hour in the narration.

Poor Peter Roberts, who had lately been preferred to the rectory of Halkin, near Holywell, by the Bishop of St. Asaph, died of an apoplectic fit on Holy Thursday. Though somewhat credulous, he possessed great knowledge of our antiquities and language; and his death will be a loss to Welsh literature.

Some of the events in the Welsh Chronicle tally pretty nearly with the events recorded in *Chron. de Mailros*.

Without the additions and corrections in red ink, the Latin Chronicle would have been hardly intelligible. The death of Cadwaladr, and not *his journey to Rome*, in the Latin Chronicle, is mentioned under the year 681. This is the more probable, as there was no connection between the British church and the church of Rome in the seventh century; the Saxon *Cedwalla* might have gone thither.

It will give me great pleasure to hear from you again, and to have your sentiments upon the Welsh Chronicle. The translation is quite literal.

Yours most sincerely,

HENRY PARRY.

Llanasa, May 30th, 1829.

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BRUT Y SAESON.

AFTER the destructive plague and the sore famine mentioned above, in the time of Cadwaladr the Blessed, came the Saeson and subdued *Lloegyr* from one sea to the other, and governed it with five kings, as it had been before in the time of Horsa and Hengist, when they drove *Gwrtheyrn Gortheneu* from the confines of *Lloegyr*, and divided it in five portions amongst them. And then they altered the names of cities and towns, divisions, hundreds, and counties and regions, agreeably to their own language. *Caer Lludd* they called London; *Caer Effrauc* they called York; and so all the cities of *Lloegyr* had new names, which they bear to this day. *Cantref* was called a hundred, and *Swydd* was called a county; to remind future ages of what was done when all the nobility of Britain were destroyed on the mountain of Ambri,—that is, “draweth houre sexes.” (The division of the counties is omitted.)

Ifor fab Alan and his nephew Ynyr arrived, as was said

before, in the land of Lloegyr, having an army with them; that was 683 after the birth of God. And the Saxons came against them, and fought them a bloody cruel battle, like men of might; and in that battle multitudes were killed on both sides. At last Ifor was victorious, and subdued Cornwall, Devonshire, and Somersetshire. Then the Saxons collected all their strength to fall upon Ifor; but good men interceded between them, and peace was made. And then took he Ethelburga to wife; and caused the monastery of Glastonbury to be built at his own expense, and that under the management of Adelmus, a monk and saint of that name. And the second year after Ifor came to this island there was a great mortality in Ireland.

683.—And Ifor gave to the church of Winchester thirty hides of land, called Ewerlond, in the Isle of Wight; and fifty hides in a place called Vverdinges.

688.—In the fourth year after his arrival in this island was an earthquake in the Isle of Man.

689.—The year after, it rained blood in the island of Britain and in Ireland, and the milk and cheese turned of a bloody colour.

701.—The second year after that the moon changed into the colour of blood.

701.—Wrcardies (*sic*) king of Kent died, and Elbert was made king in his stead.

704.—Elfrig king of the Saxons died.

707.—Eldred king of Mercia died, and Kenred was made king in his stead.

708.—The night became as light as day; and Pipin, the most honourable king of France, died.

714.—Cenred king of Mercia died, and Scclered was made king in his stead.

716.—Osbrit king of the Saxons died.

717.—The church of St. Michael was consecrated.

720.—Was a very hot summer. Ifor fab Alan, having seen the futility of the things of this world, parted with his kingdom; and he and his wife, having taken secular dresses, went to worship God at Rome. And God performed a great miracle for them; for whatever city or town they went through, the bells set up a ringing without any body putting hand to them.

721.—Ethelward was made king of West Sex, and his queen was Frideswida; and she gave to the church of Winchester, of her father's estate, Cantonam; and her husband increased the gift out of his affection for her. And in that year died Beli vab Elphin; and there was an extensive war between Rhodri



Molwynawg and the Saxons in Cornwall, and the affair of Garth Maelawg and Châd Pencoed in South Wales; and in all these contests the Britons were victorious.

722.—Scelered king of Mercia died, and Ethelward was made king in his place.

728.—Was the battle of the mountain of Carno.

735.—Cuthred, the relation of Ethelward, was made king in West Sex; and he gave to the church of Winchester, in the Isle of Wight, forty hides of land in a place called Muleburnam, and twenty-five in a place called Bonewadam, and sixty-five in Wippingham, and the land called Drucham, and the palace called Clera. And in that year died Beda, the priest, and the best historian and the best scholar of his age.

736.—Owein king of the Picts died.

749.—Sigebert was made king of Westsex; his contemporaries drew nigh to him, and deprived him of his kingdom, and he was strangled by a plowman, being banished and poor.

750.—Cynewlfus was made king of the Saxons, who was betrayed and slain. In that year was a battle between the Britons and Picts, called Gwaith Metgadawc, and there was slain Talargan king of the Picts. And in that year died Tewdwr the son of Beli.

754.—Died Rhodri Molwynog the king of the Britons.

757.—Died Edpalt king of the Saxons.

760.—A battle took place between the Saxons and Britons, called Gwaith Henfordd, and Dyfnwal son of Tewdwr died.

768.—Easter was altered in Wales by the advice of Elbod, a man of God.

773.—Offa was made king of Mercia, and Brithrit king of Westsex; and Fermael the son of Idwal died; and that Brithrit Egbert sent from the island in his youth; and he went to France, where he applied himself to the art of riding and to carry arms.

774.—Died Cemoyd king of the Picts.

775.—Saint Enbert abbot died.

776.—The men of South Wales laid waste the island as far as Offa king of Mercia.

783.—The Welsh laid waste the kingdom of Offa; and so Offa caused a dike to be made between him and Wales, that he might the more easily resist the incursions of the enemy; and that is called Clawdd Offa to this day.

795.—The Pagans came first into Ireland and laid Rechreyn waste.

796.—Offa king of Mercia died, and Maredudd king of Dyfed, and then was the battle of Rudelan.

798.—Caradawc king of Gwynedd was killed by the Saxons.

800.—Egbiract was made king of Westsex, after the Brithrit mentioned above. And then collected he many of the boldest and strongest young men in his kingdom, and made them honourable knights, and taught them to ride and to bear arms, as he himself did heretofore in France, and to use them in peace as if they had war in contemplation, when necessary.

802.—Cenwlfus was made king of Mercia.

807.—Arthen king of Ceredigiawn died, and the sun was eclipsed.

808.—Died Rein king of Dyfed, and Cadell (king of) Powys.

809.—Died Elbod archbishop of North Wales.

810.—The moon turned black on Christmas day; Menevia was burnt; and there was a great mortality amongst cattle throughout all Wales.

811.—Died Owen the son of Moredudd, and Deganwy was burnt by lightning.

812.—There was a war between Hywel and Cynan, and Cynan was victorious.

815.—There was dreadful thunder, and many places were burnt. Gruffudd the son of Rein died, and Griffri the son of Cyngen was slain through the treachery of Elisise his brother; and Hywel of the island of Anglesey subdued his brother Cynan, and banished him and his forces to their great sorrow.

817.—Cynan, being banished from the Isle of Mon, died. The Saxons laid waste the Snowdon mountains, and deprived the Welsh of the sovereignty of Rywoniawc.

818.—Battle in Anglesey, called Gwaith Llanfaes.

819.—Cenwlfus lays waste Dyfed.

823.—Deganwy burnt by the Saxons, and Powys destroyed.

825.—Hywel king of Man died.

826.—Holy Cenelm was made king of Mercia.

827.—Ceolfus was made king of Mercia. (Here follows a long account of the battle between Cenwlf and Egbert. Egbert being made king of England, the language was called English, and his subjects Englishmen.)

840.—The bishop of Menevia was consecrated.

842.—Idwallawn died.

844.—The battle of Ketill, and the death of Merfyn frych.

847.—The battle of Ty nant, where Ithel king of Gwent was slain by the men of Brecknock. (Finnant in another copy.)

849.—Meuric killed by the Saxons.

850.—Cyngen slain by his own men.

853.—Anglesey laid waste by the Black Host.

854.—Cyngen king of Powys died at Rome.

856.—Died Cemoyth king of the Picts and Jonathan lord of Abergeleu.

857.—Edwlf king of the Saxons died, and his kingdom divided between his two sons; Ethelbald succeeded to Westsex, and Ethelbert to the county of Keint.

860.—Mael Talaehen died.

862.—Died Ethelbald of Westsex, and his brother Ethelbert took all the kingdom to himself, and reigned five years more. And in that year was Cat Gweithieu.

864.—Glywysig laid waste and alienated.

865.—Died Cynan naut (nawdd) nifer; and the body of S. Swithen taken up again.

866.—York laid waste, and the battle of Dubgynt.

867.—Ethelbert king of England died, and Edelred his brother took his kingdom to himself. And the men of Denmark came to fight him nine times in one year, and he overcame them, and killed two of their kings: that is, king Gnar, and Hwn unllam, and fourteen earls, and soldiers without number. And then S. Edmund was slain, king of East sex.

869.—Battle of Bryn onnen.

870.—Alclut was broken.

871.—Gwgan king of Ceredigiawn was drowned.

872.—Ethelred king of England died, and was buried at Winborne.

873.—Gwaith Bangoleu and Gwaith Enegyð in Anglesey. And the bishop of Menevia died.

874.—Limberth took the bishoprick of Menevia.

875.—Dungarth king of Cornwall was drowned.

876.—There was the battle of Sunday in Anglesey.

877.—Rodri and his brother Gwriat killed by the Saxons.

878.—Aed son of Mell died.

880.—Was the affair of Conway called Rodri's Revenge.

882.—Was Catgweithieu. (See above, 862.)

885.—Hywel died at Rome.

887.—Certull died.

889.—Cubin the wisest of the Scots died.

890.—The Black Normans came again to Cíwiwn.

891.—Cenneth the son of Bledud died.

893.—Anarawd came with the English to destroy Ceredigiawn and Ystrad Tywi.

894.—England and Brecknock and Gwent and Gwenllwg were laid waste.

895.—There was want of bread in Ireland, and vermin fell down from the sky, having two teeth, like moles, which entirely destroyed the crops; but they were got rid of by fasting and prayer. (Omitted.)

897.—Elstan king of the Saxons died.

893.—Albryt king of Gynoy's died.

900.—The Pagans came to the Isle of Anglesey, and Maes Malerian was fought.

901.—Aelfryt king of England died. Aelfryt was buried in the Monastery erected by himself at Winchester; and in that year Mervyn the son of Roderic was killed by his own men, and Llywarch the son of Hyveid died, and Edward the son of Aelfryt was made king of England instead of his father. And after Edward was made king he became so strong, that the men of Denmark could not set a foot in his kingdom without permission. He had five sons and nine daughters. Of his five sons, three of them reigned successively after their father, that is Edelstan and Edmund and Adred. Of the nine daughters, three of them became nuns, viz., Aflede, Abbess in Romesi, and Saint Edburc in Winchester, and Edit was the third. And he gave to the church of Winchester four Palaces, that is Husseburnam, Wite Cherche, Overtonham, and Stockham the less.

902.—The head of Rodri, son of Huveith, was cut off in Arwystli.

903.—Was the affair of Dunneir, in which was slain Mayauc Cam, the son of Peredur; and Menevia was destroyed.

905.—Gorchywyl, the bishop, died, and Cormoc king and bishop of all Ireland. He was a man of great religion and great charity. Culennan was slain in that battle; and Kyrnallt, the son of Muregan, was slain in the end of the battle.

906.—Asser, archbishop of the Britons, died.

907.—Cadell the son of Rodri died.

909.—Other came to the island of Britain.

913.—Died Anarawd the son of Rodri, king of the Britons.

914.—Ireland was laid waste by the men of Dublin, and Queen Eldffled died.

915.—Anglesey was laid waste by the men of Dublin.

917.—Clydawc, the son of Cadell, slain by his brother Meyric.

918.—Bishop Nercun died.

919.—Was the battle of Dinas Newydd.

923.—King Edward died, and was buried in the monastery erected by his father at Winchester.

(Here follows a considerable portion of English history.)

926.—Hywel the Good went to Rome. Elen died.

933.—Grufud, the son of Owen, killed by the men of Cered-igiawn.

935.—Was the battle of Brune.

936.—Hymeith, the son of Clydawc, and Meyric died.

939.—Died Edelstan king of England, and was buried at Malmesburie.

940.—Abloyc king of Ireland died.

941.—Cadell, the son of Arthvael, poisoned; and Idwal, the son of Rodri, and his son Elissed, killed by the Saxons.

942.—Limberth bishop of Menevia died.

943.—Ussa, the son of Llaur, died, and Morcheis bishop of Bangor.

944.—Kyngen, the son of Elisse, was put in danger by poison; and the bishop of Menevia, Eneuris, died. Stratchwyd laid waste by the English. (Omission.)

948.—Died Hywel, the son of Cadell, the king and glory of all Wales; and Cadwgan, the son of Owen, killed by the English; and was the battle of Carno between the sons of Hywel and the sons of Idwal.

950.—Dyfed was twice laid waste by the sons of Idwal, Iago and Ieuaf; and Dungwallaun was killed by their men.

951.—Died Rodri the son of Hywel.

952.—A great slaughter between the sons of Idwal and the sons of Hywel in a place called Gurgustu, or the affair of Conwy *hir maur* (long and great), where Anarawd, the son of Gwry, was slain. And Ceredigiawn was laid waste by the sons of Idwal; and Edwyn, the son of Hywel, died.

953.—Hayardur, the son of Mervyn, drowned.

954.—Congalach king of Ireland killed.

955.—Was the hot summer; and Gwgan, the son of Gurgat, was slain.

958.—Owen laid waste Goryvyd.

960.—Idwal, son of Rodri, killed; and Adelwald consecrated bishop of Winchester.

961.—The sons of Gwyn slain, and Ty Gwyn destroyed; and Meyric, the son of Cadvan, died. The monks first entered the monastery of Winchester.

962.—Bishop Ryderch died; and the monks first came to the monastery of Hyde.

964.—Died Catwallawn, the son of Owen.

965.—The territories of the sons of Idwal laid waste by the English.

966.—Rodri, the son of Idwal, slain; and Aberfraw afterwards destroyed.

967.—Ieuaf, the son of Idwal, taken by his brother Iago, imprisoned and thrown into chains.

968.—Gwhyr destroyed by Einon the son of Owen.

969.—Pen Mon destroyed by the pagans, and Mact, the son of Harald; for the men of Denmark had leave from Edgar to dwell in this island as long as they pleased.

976.—Gwhyr again destroyed by Einon the son of Oweyn.

977.—Lleyn and Celynawc vawr laid waste a second time by Hywel, the son of Ieuaf, and the English with him.

*Brut y Saeson*, as far as Parry's version extends, *i.e.*, to 984, is compounded of Ric. Divisiens' (*An. Wint.*) and the *Welsh Chron.*, Harl. 3859, etc., with a few additions not in any of the Latin copies, under the years 735-54-83, 810-18-73-90-1, 903-5-13-15-17-18-33-40-43-48-50-54-5-61-66-69.

From 704 the chronology agrees with *Harl.*, except 774-6, two years too soon; 812, one too soon; 815-23, one too late; 898-948, two too early. From 951-976 is four years ahead of *Dom.*, *i.e.*, three years too soon. Several of its notices, not in *Harl.* are in *Dom.*, and one or two in *Cott.*

It seems to borrow from *An. Wint.*, at least to the story of Emma.

#### CAMBRIAN ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

WE have great pleasure in stating that, at the request of our present excellent President, SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, Bart., M.P., will accept the office of President of our Association, when proposed at our next annual meeting at Kington.

We regret to find that several important mistakes exist in the reports of speeches made by Mr. Smirke at the Truro Meeting. They were occasioned by an erroneous understanding that the speeches of all the Cornish members had been corrected for the local press before they were communicated to the Editorial Sub-Committee; and we propose, therefore, to publish the necessary corrections as soon as they shall have reached us. Mr. Smirke's address and speeches were of such importance that the errors we allude to are doubly vexatious.

We would take this opportunity of requesting all members, who speak at any of our meetings, to be good enough to communicate either the text, or notes, of what they say to the Secretaries; so that the official reports may be checked and verified.

## Correspondence.

## VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARCH. CAMB.

SIR,—I have just revisited Valle Crucis Abbey, for the first time these eighteen years! I had not set foot within those sacred precincts since the excavations had been made by Lord Dungannon and Mr. Wynne of Peniarth, and I was desirous of renewing my impressions.

I am sorry to say that I do not consider those excavations altogether satisfactory: they seem to have been done in rather a "botchy" manner; there is a good deal of the real Celtic want of tidiness and finish in them; and I doubt very much as to their completeness. I am aware that a good many years have now elapsed since they were carried out, and that turf and weeds have grown meantime; but I do not see sufficient evidence, nor could I collect it on the spot, that the real base-line, and that the whole of the floor-level, had been accurately determined. I did not observe that much in the way of excavation had been done on the outside of the building. Still I do not deny that a great improvement has been effected: I only wish it were more worthy of the commemorative tablet placed in the south aisle of the nave.

In this aisle I found a vast number of capitals of shafts piled against the wall. Now these remains deserve to be taken better care of: they belong to a most interesting period of national art, when the architecture of Wales had not been so far influenced by that of England as to have lost most of its distinctive peculiarities. These capitals, like all the details of this abbey and those of Strata Florida, Cymmer, Cwm-Hir, Talley, Whitland, etc., all demand careful study. They may be called types *sui generis*; and they ought to be, at least, sheltered from the weather.

I may here remark that our Association has been remiss in not properly illustrating the history of this abbey. The historical account of it which appeared in our first volume requires revision; or rather a fresh, separate, monographic account of the abbey,—not confined to the pages of our Journal, but constituting a distinct volume,—ought to be compiled; and it should be illustrated in a scientific and professional manner by some competent architect. I know of no ecclesiastical building in Wales, *in a state of ruin*, that offers a grander subject for a new and complete history. If Mr. Freeman and Mr. Basil Jones would take the matter in hand, we might hope to see as good a work produced as their excellent history of St. David's.

Before proceeding further, let me say that this abbey is exposed to peculiar danger, arising from the extreme beauty of itself and its site, and which it is difficult to prevent. It has become the fashion in



summer, not only for visitors of the middle and upper classes to flock hither in great numbers, but very often "excursion trains" from the manufacturing districts run to Llangollen, and vomit forth their miscellaneous crowds upon the abbey. The great beauty and the melancholy interest of the place invite its destruction. The honest folks who come hither in crowds, come indeed to admire, and go away unconsciously wiser and better than they came. They learn more of good-feeling, more of respect for the past, more of veneration for worthy men of old, more of the innate fitness of beauty, by one hour spent within the walls of Valle Crucis, than by years of close attendance at all the mechanics' institutes of Manchester and Birmingham. But these simple excursionists bring with them their households, their children great and small, their wives and their babies. The children play at "hide-and-seek" round the recesses of the abbey, climb what portions of its walls are accessible, handle its stones not too gently: in short, they run the place down. I need not say more. Ask that good lady who acts as guardian of the abbey, and she will confirm my meaning.

I also observed that the south coping of the magnificent west gable is in great danger of destruction: some of the coping-stones have given way, and are on the very verge of falling; and there are two in particular, which seem as if they would not stay as they are many months longer; and yet if they *do* come down, the whole of the coping, and perhaps a large part of the gable, will follow. It was pointed out to me on the spot, as the remark of an intelligent farming-man, that if the trees at the south-west angle of the gable were to die, or be cut down, the gable itself would yield to the first severe storm, and would fall all into ruin.

The truth is, that the whole building now requires repair,—*repair*, I mean, in that sense of the word which Mr. Salvin so rightly understood when he *repaired* the exterior of Carnarvon Castle, viz., that every existing stone should be secured in its actual place, and so secured as to last for as many centuries to-come as it has stood hitherto. This is the true spirit in which the repairs of such an architectural gem as Valle Crucis should be undertaken.

The question is, who should be at the expense of it? The answer to which I consider extremely simple and obvious, though I postpone mentioning it for the present.

Not only, however, does the abbey church require greater care and respect paying to it than it now receives, but the conventual buildings want a thorough clearing, excavating, and repairing; these words being taken in their proper archæological sense, not in their vulgar acceptation. But here I may be met with an exclamation of surprise; for the conventual buildings have, ever since the spoliation, been turned into a farm-house, and are still so appropriated. Not only this; but a new tenant has lately taken possession of the farm, and talks of making extensive alterations and improvements in the buildings,—*suo jure*, of course. Now we all know what improvements in such hands may lead to. I would point out to the recollection of members,—specially of Mr. Wynne of Peniarth, if these observations

should meet his eye,—that the conventual buildings of this abbey are peculiarly interesting and architecturally valuable; that they are not extensive, and that the archæological repair of them would not cost much. I would also remark that they are not well adapted for a farmer's residence; but that they might be restored to their original condition (I mean merely the parts that remain); and that thus they might constitute a suitable residence for a permanent guardian of the abbey. It would not cost much to build a farm-house on the other side of the yard, and to cut off the conventual buildings by a wall:

I now come to the question of the expense; and here I am free to confess that, without any periphrasis or euphemistic apology, I consider it the duty of all holders of abbey lands to maintain the buildings, whether of the church or of the monastery, in repair *at their own cost*, out of the proceeds of those abbey lands, and to set them apart as *national monuments*;—not to be done with as they please, because they are their own, but as treasures, both of history and of art, confided to them originally through an act of great national sin, but now to be condoned if they be preserved for the good of the nation. I make no pretence to blink the question. I consider the spoliation of the monasteries and their confiscation as a great national crime. It was a robbery of what had been given to God for His service and the good of the poor. To seize upon it was as much a crime as the robbing of a church or an hospital would be in these days, or the confiscation by the state of the funds of savings' banks, or the taking away by one man of another's portion. If Ahab was guilty before God for seizing on Naboth's vineyard, so was the Tudor Nero answerable for the pillage of the monasteries; and so have all other despoilers of similar property been ever since. I doubt not they have their reward; and I am quite certain that our nation has long been reaping its own reward for its connivance in the iniquity, by the monstrous growth of pauperism, by the constant decline of charity, by the brutalizing of the lower classes, and by a gradual though slow preparation for social revolution. In France the sin and the avenging thunderbolt came almost simultaneously; and we know now how France has reaped its just reward. There is no one thing that the thoughtful men of that country regret more than the destruction of their monasteries; and everywhere the government is doing its best to proclaim all conventual remains national monuments, and to restore them.

My question, then, Who is to pay for the repairs of Valle Crucis? is shortly answered thus: The owner of the estate out of the rents of the abbey lands. I have not the honour of even knowing who the owner is; but this I do know, that any one ought to be proud to call such a building as Valle Crucis his own; that in the archæological, or even in the ordinary æsthetical market, such a building is of great value,—as much so as one of those Correggios in the National Gallery, as much so as one of the Raffaelles. It would fetch its artistic value in the London market if sold. It is worth, let me boldly say, £10,000. Now I maintain that, upon moral grounds alone, this fine old building—the church, the abbey, and all—ought to be repaired by its owner; and that, whoever the owner may be, he will never spend

money more satisfactorily, more honourably for his own name, more righteously toward God and his country, than in doing his duty by this grand relic of ancient architectural skill and religious taste. If he demurs to this, then I say the opposite of what Sterne said,—and I do *not* envy him his feelings!

But I will come down to a much lower line of argument, and will shew that the repair and maintenance of this building may be effected by a little common prudence and forethought, with hardly any expense to the owner. At Carnarvon, the present Constable, the Earl of Carnarvon, and his excellent deputy, John Morgan, Esq., have devised the highly sensible plan of making all visitors to the castle pay an uniform tariff of admission, 4*d.* per head for each individual, without any omission, neither less nor more. Now Carnarvon Castle, like Valle Crucis Abbey, has a widely spread and justly merited reputation. It is the grandest castle in Wales. Summer tourists come thither by *hundreds*: it is a perpetual going out and coming in at the castle gate all day. In former times an old man and his wife, put in as door-keepers from motives of charity, took fees from visitors by *shillings and halfcrowns*, not by fourpences. They were pitied for their extreme poverty; and when the new Constable dispossessed them, great was the clamour among the wise men of Gotham about the barbarity of the deed. Well, what has been the consequence? The four-penny tariff has ever since produced such a fund, that, after paying the door-keeper a salary of 18*s.* per week, there has been received a surplus fund of nearly £100 per ann.! With this fund the Constable and deputy constable have excavated the whole of the castle precincts; and, whereas the Board of Woods and Forests had previously “repaired” all the exterior, they have now repaired all the interior. They have rebuilt all the novel staircases, and put the vaults of the rooms in good order,—some they have almost made habitable; they have erected a pair of new gates at a cost of nearly £200: in fact, they hardly know how to get through their money!

Valle Crucis is not less popular, not less known, far more accessible than Carnarvon Castle. Let a similar plan be tried here; let the present excellent and most courteous guardian be installed in the conventual house; let her receive a fixed *honorarium*; let a tariff of admission be established; put it at 3*d.*, if you will. It will produce at least £50 per ann. clear, *after paying the guardian*; and this sum, coming in regularly every year, will amply suffice for all repairs needed.

Let the owner of Valle Crucis go to Fountains Abbey, or Netley, to see how the building ought to be treated; and then let him go to Carnarvon and consult with the authorities there about the tariff; and the thing may be done.

Between you and me, Mr. Editor, if I were a rich man, and able to call Valle Crucis mine, I would repair it myself *instantly*, and I would shut out the *profanum vulgus* for ever. But this is only an Utopian idea, fit for the moon; whereas the tariff, the “*three-penny go*,” is a positive and practical fact. And if the owner of the abbey were inclined to treat, and would speak to you or to me about it, why

perhaps we might take the speculation off his hands, and do it ourselves. But this is a whisper only for your own ear and the rushes!

I remain, etc.,

A TRAVELLER.

Wrexham, Oct. 1, 1862.

## NAMES OF PLACES IN CORNWALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARCH. CAMB.

SIR,—I have much regretted that protracted indisposition during the last two years prevented my joining the section of our Association that visited Cornwall in August last; and observing my name mentioned, at one of the Truro meetings, regarding the etymology of Lostwithiel, as formerly communicated by me to Mr. MacLauchlan when on his survey in that county, I have to state that it differs materially from the suggestions I made at the time and which I now repeat, more diffusely, as to what I consider the most probable origin of the name.

*Lost* in Cornish is similar in meaning to *Lluest* in Welsh, for a collection of tents or a tented encampment, and *Gwythiel*, to *Gwyddel*, in Welsh for a *stranger*; consequently, *Lost-withiel*, as a compound name, would signify the *tented encampment of the stranger*, an epithet fairly applicable to the first settlers in that locality, who doubtless migrated thither over-sea, and like most venatic tribes without settled residence, dwelt in tents.

*Gwyddel* is a Celtic term of very *Protean* import, and is variously applied, but always bearing the radical ingredient of *Gwydd*, i.e., simply wisdom or knowledge, as *Der-wydd*, a Druid or sage of the oak; *Gwyddon*, a man of knowledge, a philosopher, etc.

In the definition of Truro I partly coincide, but not as to the first syllable being derived from *Tre*, meaning *town* or a collective habitation, which in such names of places is always written *Tre* in Cornwall, never as *Tru*, which in Celtic means *three*, the *u* having nearly the sound of the vowel *i*. It would then mean *Tri-rhiew*, the three hill roads or streets, which were the original thoroughfares of that town, all of course ascending the hill to the north, the only way of ingress and egress at that early period when the town was first named: Camden also supports me in this etymology.

I wish our Associates, when at Truro, had visited Bodregan, a village about fifteen miles to the south-west of that town, which requires careful investigation, as the result might have proved more than commonly interesting. Borlase, the historian of Cornwall, has unfortunately gone wide of the mark in his attempt to etymologize the name. He derives *Bodregan* from *Bod*, a dwelling, and *Regan*, a perverted writing of *Druidion*; but the writing is not perverted, it is the attempt to mend it; for the word as it stands, *Bodregan*, is perfectly right, and would mean the abode or dwelling-place of *Rhegan*, one of the daughters of King Lear (in Welsh, *Llur*), who, we are informed by British history, was married to *Rhonwen*, one of

the early Dukes of Cornwall. In Shakespear's *Lear* she is associated with her two sisters, Goneril and Cordelia. Lear had another daughter, also, named *Bronwen* (the fair breasted), who had Anglesey given her as her bridal dower upon her marriage with an Irish prince, who neglected her; and she died and was buried on the banks of the river Alaw, in that island, in a *Carn (bedd pettval)*, as Welsh history informs us; and the urn containing Bronwen's ashes, found some years since in the locality mentioned, was sent to the British Museum by the late Dr. W. Owen Pughe.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN FENTON.

Bodmôr Lodge, near Glynymél, Fishguard,  
24th Dec., 1862.

### DOUBLE CROMLECH ON CARN LLIDI,

IN THE PARISH OF ST. DAVID'S, PEMBROKESHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARCH. CAMB.

SIR,—A few days ago, in walking over Carn Llidi, the picturesque rock which towers over Whitesand Bay, to the north-west of St. David's, I discovered the remains of a double cromlech on the northern slope of the hill, and near the western extremity of its rocky portion. The two cromlechs, which stood side by side, differ in size; the larger one being on the northern side, and the other standing close under the rock. The capstones of both are dismounted; that of the former is some eight or nine feet in length, and the other considerably smaller. Three of the supporters of the lesser cromlech are *in situ*, and stand close together, presenting the appearance of a wall. As I had no means of taking measurements, or other notes, at hand, I must leave it to others, who may have leisure to do so, to verify or correct these observations. The cromlech is not marked in the Ordnance Map, nor noticed in our *History of St. David's*; neither can I learn that it has ever been observed before. The entire region in which it stands is strewn with large boulders, which furnished ready materials for structures of this sort; and it is very possible that the remains of others may still be lying hid among them. The (so-called) Rocking Stone is within a very short distance of the cromlech which I have just described; and another, and somewhat larger, cromlech (described in our book under the name of Coetan Arthur) stands within half a mile of it, and a little to the east of St. David's Head.

I am, etc.

W. BASIL JONES.

Tenby, Oct. 3, 1862.

### WRITINGS OF ROBERT VAUGHAN OF HENGWRT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARCH. CAMB.

SIR,—In the last number of the *Archæologia Cambrensis* (XXXII, p. 293), one of your correspondents inquires if there is any list com-

piled of the writings of "Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt." The only work of this eminent antiquary which has been printed, is the *British Antiquities Revised*. If your correspondent were to see the MSS. of the antiquary, Robert Vaughan, preserved here, he would be convinced how difficult it would be to make a list of works—not many entire ones—of his own composition, but transcripts of MSS. of great value and interest, collections of pedigrees, and a great number of notes upon different writers, whose works are preserved in the Hengwrt Library here. It would be almost as difficult to make out a list of Vaughan's writings, as I find it to compile a catalogue of the Hengwrt MSS., including the contents of each volume.

I am yours obediently,

W. W. E. W.

Peniarth, Machynlleth. Oct. 29, 1862.

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### Archæological Notes and Queries.

*Query 124.*—ST. GOVAN'S WELL, KENSINGTON.—I am informed that, in Kensington Gardens, near the Palace, there is a spring and well of water called after St. Govan. Is this correct? And is the name old, or is it only one of recent and fanciful application? L.

*Query 125.*—ROMAN ROADS, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.—Can any correspondent state whether lines of Roman roads have been traced from the great station of Clawddcoch (which there is no doubt is the Roman MEDIOLANUM), near Llanymynach, towards Rowton (RUTUNUM), through Llandrinio, in one direction; and up into the hill country, towards Sarn Milltir and Caer Gai, near Bala, in another?

A MEMBER.

*Query 126.*—HENRY VII AND BOSWORTH FIELD.—What are the authorities for ascertaining the probable number of Welsh auxiliary troops brought by Henry of Richmond on to the field at Bosworth?

AN ANTIQUARY.

*Query 127.*—EARLY PAVEMENTS.—It has been lately stated that the earliest record of paving a street in England is one of 19 Edward I, when Master Geoffrey de Pakenham, Chancellor of Cambridge, began a pavement in that town. There is reason for believing that very early pavements—not Roman—exist in Wales. Can any approximation be made to their probable dates,—say within a century? B.

*Note 74.*—WREXHAM, TUMULUS.—A tumulus, not noticed in the Ordnance Map, is to be observed in a field just outside Wrexham, on the south, by the side of the road to Ruabon. It may be recognized by an enormous oak tree on its summit, which is probably not less than three hundred years old. There is no ditch round it; but on its eastern side the portion of ground scraped, or cut away, or

levelled, for heaping up the tumulus itself, may be clearly made out. There are traces of stones on the summit. The shape is rudely circular, about sixty feet in diameter, and the present height above the adjoining ground is not more than six feet; and supposing the tumulus to have been complete, its original height was probably not more than twelve. It does not stand near any water, nor in a position of defence: I therefore infer that it was not erected for the base of a mediæval fort or castellet, but that it is sepulchral, and that it contains the remains of persons slain in some battle upon this spot. Wat's Dyke runs about a quarter of a mile westward of it; and I think I can make out the traces of another tumulus, near a house, in a field to the eastward, at about two hundred yards distance. H. L. J.

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*Query 128.*—OWEN (TUDOR) AP OWEN.—The third son of Owen Tudor, husband of Katherine, widow of Henry V, Queen Dowager of England, is stated to have been a monk. Information is requested concerning the Religious House in which he made his profession, and the date of his death. J.

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*Query 129.*—DOLGELLY, A.D. 1769.—I find in the *Annual Register* for this year, under June, the following: "A letter from Dolgelley, in North Wales, gives an account of an earthquake at that place on the 15th instant, which threatened to bury the inhabitants under the projecting cliffs which hang over it. Torrents of water burst forth from the convulsed sides of Kader Idris, which deluged the little vale beneath. The Marian, where the militia are exercised, was covered with a kind of lava near three feet deep. But what is chiefly regretted is the loss of the admired bridge called Pont y Bendigion, which upon examination had no foundation, the lowest stone being above the surface of the earth." What does this refer to? J.

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*Note 75.*—The *Annual Register* for 1769, under date of 30 June, 1769, says: "This day the first stone of a new bridge, to be built over the Severn at Shrewsbury, was laid by Sir John Astley, Bart. Was this the English or the Welsh bridge? J.

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*Query 130.*—ROAD UNDER PENMAEN MAWR.—In the annual supplies voted by the legislature for 1769, occurs the following item: "April 20. To be applied for making a new road at the foot of the mountain of Penmaen Mawr, and thereby securing a certain communication between Great Britain and Ireland by way of Holyhead, £2,000."—Was this a single grant, or was it given for several years? And was it the road which Lord Bulkeley took so much interest in? J.

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### Miscellaneous Notices.

CHRONICLE OF THE 13TH CENTURY, ETC.—*Erratum.*—Through inadvertence, pp. 281, 282, of vol. viii, have become inverted: the first, as it stands printed, should be put second. This will be immediately detected, on reference, by the reader.



## Reviews.

## THE SUFFERINGS OF THE CLERGY DURING THE GREAT REBELLION.

By the Rev. JOHN WALKER, etc., etc. Epitomized by the author of the *Annals of England*. Oxford: J. H. and J. Parker. 1 vol., post 8vo.

THIS is an useful and timely republication of one of the most valuable works connected with the history of England. It is useful, because Walker's original book is rather bulky, not quite within reach of all students, and one that had come, most undeservedly, to be rather overlooked. Here we have the pith of Walker's researches put together in a really handy form, and at a moderate price; so that historical students may at once give it a place, not merely on their shelves, to be taken down at "some more convenient season," but rather on their library tables,—where it can lie ready for reference, and get well thumbed and dog-eared, as all useful books and manuals deserve to be.

We need not say much on the intrinsic value of the book, because it is as well known as Clarendon, or Fuller's *Worthies*, or old Holinshead, and other familiars of all studious men's libraries; but we may observe that it has a peculiar merit of its own, which should not be overlooked in times like these;—it was compiled by a very honest and painstaking man, and its veracity has not been impeached. In this respect it bears a favourable comparison with another book very popular in England, but which, like many other popular books and things, has an immense quantity of falsehood and exaggeration mixed up in it;—we allude to Foxe's *Martyrs*, which, like Macaulay's *History of England*, has as many lies in it as it has pages, and which has done no small damage to the real History of England, by concealing, perverting, and throwing back the cause of historical truth. So it is likely to be with all books written professedly by party men for party objects. Foxe wrote his book for the Puritans; Macaulay wrote his for his own party and for a peerage. They both gained their objects; and we can wish no better nor worse fate for their works than that, they may both meet with the same degree of reputation, one as the other, this time one hundred years hence. While speaking of Foxe's book we are tempted to remark that there is an opening for two special books, which might be made as popular, but we hope more truthful than his. One should be an history of all the capital punishments on the score of religious opinions, inflicted during the reign of Henry VIII. It would fill a good-sized volume to give a narrative of all the persons who suffered death for religion by royal authority in that infamous reign. The other would be a similar book on those who were also put to death for religion during the reign of the "bloody" Queen Elizabeth. That monarch allowed upwards of a hundred and eighty persons to be so sacrificed; and their sufferings should be put on record, though it might be exceedingly unpleasant

and inconvenient for some modern readers to take any note of them. Here is work cut out for any aspirant to "popular" literary fame.

We said, however, that this publication of an epitome of Walker's large book was *timely*; and we mean what we said; for though we are now noticing it some months after the event took place, yet it came out just at the very time when one of the most impudent and shameless historical frauds was being perpetrated on the more ignorant portion of the unsuspecting British public. That public, which prides itself on being the most energetic, the most wealthy, the most powerful, the most enlightened, the most moral, in the world, may be induced to believe anything—we might almost say, to do anything—however absurd, if only sufficient impudence be used in the concoction of the farce.

Rather more than two hundred years ago, *seven thousand* clergymen of the Established Church were illegally and violently dispossessed of their livings and preferments,—ejected from them; many of them having all their private property stolen at the same time, and some so cruelly maltreated in their persons that they died in consequence. This was a crying sin and a shame. It was effected by the revolutionary parliament of the day; and the injustice was completed by the thrusting of as many unauthorized and unqualified persons into their places. The sufferings of those seven thousand martyrs for conscience sake form the subject of Walker's book. When the nation came to its senses in 1660, and the acts of the revolutionary period were undone, and justice was endeavoured to be rendered to those who had suffered during the iniquitous times, the government behaved with very great moderation in respect of the parties who had been unlawfully thrust into other men's benefices, and simply ejected those who would not conform to the rules of the Established Church. What the government ought to have done, was to have ejected *all* the intruders without any further inquiry, and to have made parliamentary compensation to those of the lawful owners who were still alive (reinstating them of course), or, if dead, to their heirs. Here was a clear case of a great national robbery committed in times of revolutionary violence; and the receivers of the stolen goods were all found in actual possession of them. By all law and justice those receivers were liable to the *lex talionis*, both before Heaven and before man; whereas only about two thousand out of the seven thousand were made to disgorge their plunder; and, on their declining to conform, were most equitably ejected. No case of national wrong was ever more clearly substantiated than in the sufferings of the seven thousand clergy; no case of retributive vengeance was ever more righteously deserved, or more leniently administered, than in the removal of the two thousand usurping intruders.

Well; these two thousand men have been recently palmed off on certain portions of the Nonconformist world as the "Bartholomew confessors"! In commemoration of their punishment, the occasion has been improved into one of passing round the money-box, and considerable sums have been collected, to the profit of sundry secretaries, treasurers, and other parties interested in getting up a testimonial.

And all this has been greedily swallowed, and firmly believed, by men sincere, good, pious, and correct in all the charities and intercourse of ordinary life! Hence the "Advertisement" put at the beginning of this edition of Walker has no small claim on the reader's attention :

"The shameless perversion of history which made martyrs and confessors of the ejected Nonconformists of 1662, and ascribed their so-called persecution to the Church, caused the Rev. John Walker, a Devonshire incumbent, to draw up, more than a hundred and fifty years ago, some account of the sufferings of the Clergy during the times of the Great Rebellion, as the first part of a full answer to the charge.

"A revival of the oft-refuted calumny at the present day, by the proposed Bicentenary Commemoration of the 'Bartholomew Confessors,' appears to render the publication of an epitome of Mr. Walker's work desirable. It is to be regretted that it should now be necessary to recall the memory of the calamities inflicted so long ago by one set of men, who called themselves Christians, upon another ; but the conduct of her enemies leaves no choice to those who are not willing to betray the cause of the Church and of truth."

We consider the introduction so clear and satisfactory, that we give the following extract from it :

"The Act of Uniformity of 1662 removed from the ministry of the Church a large number of men who were destitute alike of the necessary learning and of episcopal ordination ; a much smaller number who did possess one or both of these qualifications also went out rather than renounce the Covenant. To these last the character of sufferers for conscience' sake may be allowed by favourable judges ; but it is quite certain that no such claim can fairly be urged for the rest. Writers, however, have been found who class them all together, under the title of the 'two thousand godly ejected ministers,' and seek to make the Church responsible for what is styled their persecution.

"Among these unscrupulous writers, Dr. Edmund Calamy is entitled to a bad eminence. He was the son and grandson of two ejected ministers, and the author of a *Life of Baxter*, one chapter of which was specially devoted to a notice of the Act of Uniformity. Dr. Calamy afterwards amplified this single chapter into three volumes, in which the charge against the Church of persecution was urged in much detail. He professed to give an 'Account of the Ministers, Lecturers, etc., ejected or silenced after the Restoration in 1660'; and he speaks of them as 'two thousand preaching ministers who were unwearied in their endeavours to spread knowledge, faith, and holiness.' Such a statement, whilst the facts of the case were comparatively fresh in the minds of Churchmen, could not be expected to go unchallenged, and accordingly Mr. Walker planned a comprehensive work, which was intended not only to shew the inaccuracy of the list, and the unfairness of the charge, but to recover and hand down to posterity an account of the 'hard measure' inflicted on the clergy by the very men (and their friends) on whose behalf the cry of persecution was raised. The task, however, was too great for one man's life, and he was only able to produce the first portion of his work, that, namely, which was meant to detail the fortunes of some seven thousand episcopally ordained clergymen of every rank, who had been driven from their homes, and treated worse than the worst of felons, until the majority of them sank under their miseries—men, too, whose only offence, in all but a few exceptional cases, was their steady refusal to abandon their sworn obedience to the Church and the king.

Being sensible that his list, in spite of all the pains that had been bestowed, was still far from complete, Mr. Walker styled his laborious undertaking merely 'An Attempt towards Recovering an Account of the Numbers and Sufferings of the Clergy of the Church of England.' Had he lived to carry out his whole design, no doubt he would have found many more sufferers to record; but what he has accomplished conclusively shews that those who gave a temporary overthrow to both Church and State, conducted themselves towards their vanquished opponents with the extremity of rigour.

"The sufferings of the clergy during the Great Rebellion, if at all generally known, would reflect indelible disgrace on all who caused or sanctioned them; and therefore, as many of the actors in the tragedy are popularly looked on as the champions of civil liberty, an attempt has been made by others than professed Nonconformists to bury the matter in oblivion. This attempt has had more success than would otherwise have attended it, from the circumstance that at the Restoration all papers relating to the persecution of the clergy were, as far as possible, destroyed by the guilty parties; and it is to be feared that subsequent writers have thus been emboldened to deny once notorious facts, because they believed they could not be legally proved. Modern research, however, has shewn that the destruction was not so complete as has been supposed: papers carefully concealed whilst legal proceedings might be founded on them, are now available to the historical student; and they may from time to time be expected to find their way into print, when it will be seen that the statements contained in *Mercurius Rusticus*, *Querela Cantabrigiensis*, *Persecutio Undecima*, and similar publications, are not rhetorical exaggerations, but are capable of proof in every material point, and even in very minute particulars."

It is not our intention to give anything like an account of the contents of this book, further than that we recommend the last chapter on "*The silenced Church—the Restoration*,"—and "*The Bartholomew Confessors*," to especial notice; but we will select from it the passages referring to the four Welsh bishops; because our readers will find in them points that may stimulate their archæological curiosity. Indeed, we hope that some member or other of our Association will follow out the inquiries which naturally suggest themselves, and will contribute the result of his researches to the Journal. The four bishops ejected were, John Owen of St. Asaph, William Roberts of Bangor, Roger Mainwaring of St. David's, and Morgan Owen of Llandaff. We quote the accounts of each in the order in which they stand:

"JOHN OWEN, bishop of St. Asaph, paid £500 as a composition for his private property, that of the see being seized as a matter of course. He retired into Wales; and died there, Oct. 15, 1651.

"WILLIAM ROBERTS, bishop of Bangor, beside suffering, like his brethren, the loss of his office and revenues, had his private property sequestered in 1649, and lived in extreme poverty until the Restoration, when he regained his see.

"ROGER MAINWARING, bishop of St. David's, was particularly obnoxious to the faction, for offence given to them many years before the rebellion broke out. When that event occurred, he was seized and imprisoned; and though after a time he was released, he was mercilessly plundered, and lived on a small estate in Wales, in continual apprehension of farther violence, until his death in the year 1653.

"MORGAN OWEN, bishop of Llandaff, after a four months' imprisonment in the Tower, was driven from his see, and died in poverty in March 1645.

He had been promoted to the bishopric through the influence of Archbishop Laud; and one work of his, which remains to the present day, was made a charge against the archbishop. Whilst the latter was Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Mr. Owen was by his means created doctor of divinity; in return for which he enclosed the south yard of St. Mary's church, in that University, with a freestone wall, and built a beautiful porch on the same side of the church. Among the other carvings of this porch was and is an image of the Blessed Virgin and Child, which occasioned one of the articles against his patron at his trial, in these words: 'That he did oblige the said Dr. M. Owen to build it, permitted him as Chancellor of the University, and connived at all when it was finished.' The bishop had, in consequence of the poverty of his see, been allowed to hold *in commendam* the rectory of Bedwas in Monmouthshire, of which also he was deprived,—a fate too common to excite remark, but for the vile profanation by which it was followed. One Reese John David, the agent and sequestrator, who lived in the parsonage house, managed the glebe and received the tithe, removed a very fine font of stone out of the church of Bedwas, and when himself and his man could not break it to pieces, he caused it to be placed under a tree, where it was used as a trough for his horses and cattle."

We cannot refrain from recommending the present worthy incumbent of Bedwas to look after this font. If still in his garden, he should get it replaced in the church, before he is himself ejected by some of the subscribers to the fund for a testimonial in memory of the "Bartholomew Confessors," to the glory of God and the benefit of the shareholders.